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The Listener

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The United States Faces 1953

By CLIFTON UTLEY

I SHOULD like to suggest a rather unorthodox view, that when the history of the United States for 1952 is written, the year may be known primarily as the one in which the Roosevelt revolution and, in so far as there was one, the Truman revolution as well, were finally consolidated. If this seems a rather strange way to regard the fast-ebbing old year, let me explain why I think this. Neither Roosevelt nor Truman could ever consolidate the revolution they brought about in American domestic affairs. They could go on creating more revolutions, but consolidation could be accomplished only when the Republicans came to power; and then only if the Republicans accepted the revolution brought about by their predecessors in office. This, it seems to me, effectively happened in 1952. The Eisenhower regime that is about to take office is more conservative than that of Mr. Truman, but it is not a regime of counter-revolution.

The known beliefs of Mr. Eisenhower, and the type of cabinet he has built to help him carry out his programme, guarantee that there will be no attempt to turn back the clock and undo the fundamental reforms brought about by the Democrats during two decades of office. Thus, the essence of the New Deal is for the first time generally accepted by both parties and is removed from the field of public controversy. There is, of course, still a minority within the Republican Party that wishes this was not so and it refuses to accept the New Deal. But that minority was

beaten at the July Convention of the Republican Party where Mr. Taft lost the nomination to General Eisenhower. General Eisenhower's victory ensured that the Republican Party would give up its hankering after the past and become a party of modern and moderate conservatism.

The modernisation of the Republican Party was, I believe, the year's second event of importance in our American domestic affairs. This modernisation of the Republican Party did not take place spontaneously. It took place because the people demanded it. It is a true statement, I believe, that the majority and, perhaps, even the overwhelming majority, of the Republican Party leadership before the convention wanted none of General Eisenhower, and would have preferred Senator Taft and the Republican reaction he symbolised as its candidate. Had Taft been nominated, that would have been a sign that the Republican Party selected did intend to embark on a campaign of counter-revolution and seek to undo large parts of the New Deal. For the wing of the Republican Party that rallied behind Mr. Taft was considerably more conservative even than Mr. Taft himself. Mr. Taft was not nominated for the simple reason that the people of the country would not have him, and the party leaders knew it.

I attended the Republican Convention here in Chicago and saw a lot of the behind-the-scenes buttonholing of delegates. The argument that was most effective in defeating Taft and securing

the nomination for General Eisenhower was the simple one—Taft cannot win. In other words, the American people will not stand for counter-revolution. So General Eisenhower, in building a Cabinet that excluded isolationists and avoided the inclusion of Taft partisans, was not only following his own inclination; he was also following the mandate of the American voter, to modernise the Republican Party and have done with the nostalgia for a bygone past.

The strength of this mandate is indicated by the contrast between the voting for President and for Congress. General Eisenhower won the presidency by something approaching a landslide, but the majority given to Republicans in Congress is very modest indeed. It was as though the American voter had said: 'We want a change; we want to get away from twenty years of Democratic rule and more recent Democratic corruption; we want a moderate shift towards the conservative side, but we don't want to go back to the past. We have faith that you, General Eisenhower, will carry out this balanced mandate. But about some parts of your party we don't know, so we'll give you a sweeping mandate, but we'll temper this by giving your party only a moderate congressional mandate; just as a warning to any of the party reactionaries who might still want to return to the past'.

A 'Red-tape Curtain'?

If I were trying to pick some of the other major American trends of 1952, I would put next a certain increase in the restrictive atmosphere; a certain decrease in receptivity for unorthodox ideas. This is an intangible, but, nevertheless, I think it exists. It stems from our fear of Soviet Russia, and particularly from the fear of communist subversive activity, but it shows up tangibly in legislative matters in such laws as the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act and the Internal Security Law; it shows up in an increased demand for loyalty oaths for teachers and others and in similar matters. Dr. Kirtley Mather, the retiring head of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, said in his presidential address before the Association that measures like the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act and the Internal Security Law were dropping a red-tape curtain over the United States, and that this curtain in some of its aspects had the evils, or some of the evils, of the iron curtain with which Russia has surrounded her sphere of influence.

In foreign affairs it seemed to me that 1952 marked the final passing of the old isolationist-internationalist controversy in our American life. The isolationists have not actually controlled policy for nigh under two decades, but they have been a constant nuisance in our politics, and there was always the chance that a Republican victory behind a right-wing Republican leader, like Taft, might bring an effort to go back to isolationism on the international front at the same time that reaction was pursued domestically. Though, as a resident of the American middle-west, I am painfully aware of the residual isolationists still clinging to the Republican Party, I do not see how they can ever again be an important factor in American life, once a Republican Party has had four years in office under internationalist Dwight Eisenhower.

Economically, 1952 has been a year of great prosperity for us. Employment is well over 62,000,000; unemployment is near an all-time low, and living standards are as high as they have ever been—this despite very high taxes. Production is booming, though a setback economically was the rather long steel strike this year. Though some economists see some possibility of a moderate recession in the United States towards the end of 1953, few are seriously concerned about this possibility at the present time.

As we look forward to the New Year, our major concern lies in the field of foreign affairs. The first and foremost problem for us is that of Korea. The weekly, and by no means inconsiderable, casualty lists that appear in all the papers keep that problem constantly in the minds of our public. It was failure to find a satisfactory ending of the Korean war that played at least a sub-

stantial role in bringing about the defeat of Adlai Stevenson in the November election. The nation has recently been considerably interested by the answers that Joseph Stalin has given to a series of four questions submitted to him by the *New York Times* correspondent, James Reston. In these questions Mr. Stalin said, among other things, that Russia is interested in ending the Korean war, and that he (Stalin) would favour negotiations, looking towards an Eisenhower-Stalin meeting.

The general reaction here is that there is little new in the Stalin declaration and that it is more of the usual Soviet propaganda. But most remember that it was Stalin's answers to a series of questions put by another correspondent several years ago that led to the negotiations that brought an end to the Berlin blockade. So, while few expect any change of heart by the Russians, or any willingness on Russia's part to end a Korean war that Moscow seems to have worked so hard to keep going, there is a definite intention to have a second look at Stalin's remarks and to find out, through diplomatic channels if possible, whether there might have been anything to it.

Nothing, of course, has been decided on the matter of an Eisenhower-Stalin meeting. Mr. John Foster Dulles, our incoming Secretary of State, made it clear in his comment that while the door of such a meeting was not closed, neither was there any inclination to hold meetings just for the sake of meetings. In effect, Mr. Dulles, replying to Stalin through the same newspaper medium in which Mr. Stalin made his statement, said: 'What's your offer? If you have anything to talk about, let us know, through the usual channels, and then we'll see whether there is anything that makes a high-level get-together worth the effort'. And General Eisenhower showed by his Korean trip he is the kind of person who likes to see for himself. He is not one who, like Mr. Truman, would perhaps shun a meeting with the Russian dictator. He is on record in a news conference last June 7 as saying he would go anywhere in the world and see anyone to advance the cause of peace, if he thought that cause would really be advanced. Nevertheless, Mr. Eisenhower is not the person who would rush into a conference with Stalin unprepared.

Timing of Mr. Churchill's Visit

There is full appreciation here of the concern which the prospect of a possible Eisenhower-Stalin meeting has evoked in Britain and other nations that might not be included in such a meeting. Indeed, despite strong British denials, there is a tendency here to regard the rather unusual timing of Mr. Churchill's forthcoming visit to the United States as having been at least in part governed by the Stalin message and the apprehensions it evoked in Britain and elsewhere. It is also recognised that there are other things that might make Mr. Churchill extremely anxious to get General Eisenhower here before the incoming President commits himself on any subjects in his inaugural address on January 20. Korea, and the fear that the intensification of United Nations military activity might spread the war, is obviously one. The possibility that the Eisenhower Administration might end the prohibition that thus far has kept Chiang Kai-shek's Formosa troops from attacking the Chinese mainland is another; Iran is a third; and, seen from this side, there are other matters that bring your Prime Minister to the United States. But the other matters, such as American tariffs, the future of economic assistance, raw material agreements and the like, could wait until later. The timing of the Churchill pre-inauguration visit is generally believed here to have been governed by Korea, China, Stalin, and possibly Iran.

Should there be no peace in Korea, will 1953 bring stronger United Nations offensives designed to win that war? No one here has the answer. But this much can be said. General Eisenhower has taken a definite position against anything that might spread the Korean war. He has taken no such position in opposition to actions that might intensify the war while keeping it within the frontiers of Korea.—*Home Service*

New Hope for Jamaica

By HAROLD CHAMPION

WHAT sort of place is Jamaica? For most people here in the United Kingdom it is the place where the bananas come from, or it is the place where the rum comes from. Millionaires go there in the winter to palatial houses in the hills or to very expensive hotels on the verge of the Spanish Main. It is the home of flamboyant politicians. And it is in the West Indies. That, I think, is just about as much as the average person knows about it. It is all true, of course. But it is only part of the truth.

Some 1,250,000 people live in that island. The overwhelming majority are coloured. Few are pure African; still fewer are pure white. And most of them find it hard to get a living. It is a fair estimate that about a quarter of the employable population are out of work. Perhaps another fifty per cent. are much under-employed. The remainder—hotel and office workers, civil servants, transport workers, and so on—do not earn much money.

The main sugar estates on the coastal plains employ a number of people at lowest-bracket wages. But in the country districts, among those hills and valleys which make Jamaica one of the most beautiful countries in the world, thousands of peasants scrape a bare living from small-holdings. Their housing conditions are often appalling. They live in shacks of corrugated iron, sometimes even in flimsy shelters of old sacks and petrol cans. Incidentally, it was those sheets of metal that caused such havoc in last year's hurricane. A piece of corrugated iron whizzing through the air with a hurricane behind it can easily cut through a tree, let alone decapitate a human being. The Government is doing its best to house people properly, and when I was in Jamaica recently I saw great improvements compared with even a year ago.

All the same, it is a pretty grim picture. Yet, paradoxically, Jamaica is far from being a grim place. Jamaicans are not miserable people; on the contrary, they are happy. They do not go about in rags, their manners are invariably charming, and you do not find among them vitamin-deficiency diseases such as rickets and scurvy or, although so many of them live virtually in the open air day and night, rheumatic complaints. After my third visit there I retain an overwhelming impression of exuberance and laughter. I want to emphasise this point: if Jamaica is poor it certainly is not forlorn. And the portents are that it will not remain poor.

Things are moving there. The Jamaican Government is doing a great deal to attract new industries. Under the Pioneer Industries Act, for example, it makes big tax concessions to new businesses and helps to build factories. And up to a point it has been successful, some thirty completely new industries having been set up during the past two or three years.

But the vast new enterprise I went to Jamaica to see did not owe its origin to government initiative, though the Government has done a good deal to help it on its way. It happened because, quite recently, it was discovered that Jamaica has something for which the world's appetite seems insatiable. In the central mountainous region of Jamaica there is an extensive area of red soil. Though it looks like the rich loam of Devonshire it is very different from it in fertility. Really good crops have never been grown on it. So ten years ago one of the last big land-owners of that region had a sample analysed to discover what it was good for. That was the first step to Jamaica's new fortune. Analysis proved that that red soil was bauxite, raw material of aluminium. Then surveys revealed that under the feet of Jamaican peasants who were trying to scratch a living from unfertile fields lay something like 320,000,000 tons of ore waiting to be dug up and made into gleaming ingots of aluminium.

Today Canada is the great Commonwealth producer of aluminium. And so it was Canada which looked eagerly to Jamaica's red earth. A



Tin and paper shacks at West Kingston, Jamaica, and (left) new houses which have been built to replace them

company in Montreal set up a subsidiary, bought thousands of acres, and planned to dig up the ore and ship it away.

The day I left Kingston, Jamaica's ramshackle capital, for the bauxite workings up at Mandeville sixty miles away, it was really hot. Even the breeze made things worse. It seemed to smother me like hot cotton wool. The dry leaves of the palm trees rustled like sand-paper and made it seem even hotter—and thirstier. Still, there was a promise of coolness: the Blue Mountains, rising to more than 7,000 feet, stretched away to my right; and ahead, through the quivering haze, I could just see the outline of the green hills around Mandeville. The road goes straight and level past Tom Cringle's cotton tree (remember *Tom Cringle's Log*? It is still one of the

best descriptive books on Jamaica). I got to Spanish Town, the former capital—there is nothing Spanish about it nowadays—then I drove across the arid plain of Clarendon and entered Porus. Now, at last, I beheld the restless tropical beauty of Jamaica, a lush profusion of banana trees, coconut palms, and flaming poinsettias and bougainvillea. Along the roads came country folk with stately walk, carrying on their heads baskets of exotic fruits and vegetables. They flashed smiles at me and gaily waved a greeting. The scenery becomes ever more magnificent up that winding mountain highway. But I could not concentrate on it much. I was too frightened. Put a Jamaican in the driving seat of any vehicle and he forgets whatever caution he ever had. He does not worry about brakes or what goes on under the bonnet, as long as the horn is in good working order and the motor goes fast.

Forty miles from Kingston the soil is suddenly red. The lanes are red, the fields are red. And when you have driven over those roads for an hour or two your clothes are red and your hair begins to take on a pleasant auburn tint. Mandeville, where the mining company have set up their headquarters, is a quiet little town. Two miles away, near a place nostalgically named Shooters Hill, they have already begun to dig up the bauxite. The plant, lying on a plain surrounded by wooded hills, is a collection of huge pipes, storage silos rather like small gasometers, and gleaming buildings made of aluminium. The digging operations are simply open-cast mining. Huge power shovels scoop up the red earth, load it into trucks, and take it back to the plant for processing.

This Jamaican bauxite will supply raw material to the new 500,000,000-dollar aluminium smelter at Kitimat in British Columbia. But the kind of ore found in the island is not the purest, and it takes six tons to make one ton of aluminium. Clearly it is costly and uneconomic to carry all that red earth from Jamaica through the Panama Canal and up the Pacific Coast to British Columbia when such a high proportion of it is waste. For this reason the Alumina company is following a different policy from the two American companies which have also started to erect plant in the colony. Whereas the American companies will ship their bauxite direct to Gulf of Mexico ports, a comparatively short haul, the Alumina company intend to carry out in Jamaica the first important process—that is, to convert the ore into alumina.

Alumina, a white, powdery material, is obtained by grinding bauxite to a fine powder and then passing it through a number of complicated processes. The company plans ultimately to produce 670 tons a day. This involves a large transport undertaking, and the company has devised a new method of shipping it. It is to be loaded into railway trucks at the plant and carried down on a newly-built railway line to Old Harbour, where a great new deep-water dock is being constructed. There the alumina will be discharged directly into the ship's hold at the rate of 600 tons an hour. The new dock is a major engineering feat in itself. When I was at Old Harbour last November there was not the slightest sign of a dock. All I could see was just a muddy, derelict-looking beach. The only evidence that something was in progress was a surveyor's theodolite. But what a different scene this

autumn! They have almost completed dredging a 7,000-foot channel 400 feet wide and are well on the way with a 600-foot all-steel pier. And one of the Canadian engineers showed me where they have pushed the Caribbean Sea back thirty feet. I was certainly not surprised to learn that they will ultimately spend about 40,000,000 dollars on their Jamaican operations.

Largely because of all this engineering activity Jamaica is now very much on the map. There never was such bustle at the airport—engineers, scientists, and specialists travel almost daily between the United Kingdom and Jamaica, and Canada and Jamaica. All sorts of complicated engine parts arrive by air from North America and Europe, to the perplexity of the amiable customs officers. Today the colony is an air cross-roads, and B.O.A.C., who pioneered the route to Jamaica, are reaping their reward.

If this were the whole story it would be short of a happy ending. Open-cast mining in itself would be a disaster for Jamaica, for the country has already lost far too much of its topsoil through bad methods of agriculture. But this is not merely an account of open-cast mining. The bauxite companies are improving the land, reviving agriculture, and immediately growing more food. Although the Alumina company owns about 28,000 acres, only some 3,500 are underlain by ore. Of this not more than 100 acres will be mined at any one time. The Government made a stringent condition before they permitted these operations: all mined land must be rehabilitated, and land not needed for mining must be cultivated. The company has accepted this condition with enthusiasm. Jamaica has never seen such husbandry as is now being carried out: hills laid bare by erosion are being reforested with hard woods, new citrus groves have been planted, and they are even producing a new kind of fruit which is a cross between an orange and a tangerine. It is the juiciest fruit I have ever eaten.

But, to my mind, the most cheering sight around Mandeville is the cattle. A fascinating experiment is going on. Tropical conditions do not favour northern beasts. All sorts of diseases afflict them. But now experts are crossing Aberdeen Angus with Indian draught cattle and the result is an animal largely immune from tropical diseases and at the same time a good meat producer. I drove round the farms and saw 4,000 head of cattle, part Scottish part Indian, contentedly grazing on land derelict for a generation. It is a pleasant sight.

So though bulldozers are pushing at the mahogany walls of abandoned plantation houses and ancient slave barracks, something far more valuable is being created in their place. Nobody in Jamaica despises the dollars that are pouring into the colony by the million, nor the royalties their red earth is earning them, nor the income-tax flowing into the colony's exchequer. Leaders of other industries are watching the enterprise with interest, and its success is leading them to set up house in the island. So there will be still more employment. But I think that when all is said and done the most important things in Jamaica today are those herds of beef cattle, the flourishing citrus groves and the wooded hillsides, and those industrious smallholders, instructed by Canadian experts, tending their land with a new skill.—*Home Service*

Social Change in West Africa

By KENNETH LITTLE

IT need hardly be said that things have been changing rapidly throughout the whole of British territory in West Africa since the move towards self-government began. New towns and harbours are appearing, buildings of every kind are going up, and communications are being shortened by road, rail, and air. In some of the rural areas the change is particularly remarkable. Less than six years ago I lived in a small town of 10,000 inhabitants in the heart of the Sierra Leone Protectorate and thought that I knew almost every mud-built nook and cranny. I went back a few weeks ago; and walking along tarmac-surfaced streets which had previously been mainly uneven lumps of laterite, I had to enquire my way about at every turn.

More often, however, the new features—the modern houses, offices, churches, and shops—have displaced very little of the original scene. Either they cluster conspicuously apart, as bright new residential zones for Europeans and wealthier Africans and Syrians; or else they line

the street-frontages of the old town, like concrete dams against the indigenous tide of life swelling behind them on either side. In the latter case, there are some startling contrasts; not so much in standards of living—in West Africa, 'poverty' is a more relative term than it is here—but in ways of living. Take that large, solidly built house opposite the bank. It is the home of a prosperous African barrister. He and his wife and their grown-up daughter have all had professional training in England. Excepting the fact that they use a native language as well as English, their general habits and outlook are 'western' rather than African, even down to minor points of etiquette. The house itself is spacious, and is furnished and decorated in a way which would find favour with most middle-class inhabitants of a London suburb. There is electric light, a refrigerator, modern plumbing in the bathroom, and the toilet has a flush system.

Behind this house, however, in a side street, are other houses—more

aptly described as shacks. These have been constructed mainly out of sheets of tin, wooden boarding, and strips of sacking and cloth. They provide shelter for a number of individual households whose members live communally as a single so-called extended family under the authority of the oldest male member of the group. In the yard, or compound, which these cabin-like structures enclose, are mortars and pestles, a shrine to the god of iron, and other symbols of a culture still shared by millions of tribal Africans. The material side of this contrast—in housing and household equipment, even in customary behaviour—is not difficult to appreciate. What lies beneath the surface, however, is more significant, because it betokens a difference not only in modes of thinking and acting, but in a whole set of social aims and values. This is not unique as a cultural and psychological conflict: such conflicts are present, though perhaps in milder form, even in our own western society. But in the West African countries it does seem to underline the greatest problem that Africans have now to face—the apparent need to make a hasty change from a largely subsistence to a largely market type of economy.

Greater Emphasis on Economic Incentives

What this means, in the long run, is a much greater emphasis on economic as opposed to social incentives—that is, a desire for direct monetary reward opposed to a desire for personal esteem and prestige. But it also means virtually an entire reorganisation of human relations. This is because of the widely differing way in which social relationships are interpreted in the older, traditional system, compared with the westernised way of life developing in the larger towns. Looking at this matter very broadly, under the older system an individual's life is centred mainly on the particular kinship group or local community to which he belongs. His livelihood depends on the co-operation of kinsfolk and neighbours, and his general well-being on their approval of his actions. Such a community is characterised by a very strong feeling of mutuality. There is a sense of personal relationship throughout it, analogous to the close ties and feelings of affection which obtain in a well-knit family in our own society. The difference is that in tribal society very distant relatives and persons with no genealogical connection, as well as actual brothers and sisters, are members of the intimate circle. Such a group may include several hundred persons, and the fact that relationships between them approximate to the family model means that the individual's personal commitments are much more extensive than with us. Thus, a person may have paternal responsibilities and obligations not only to his own children, but to everyone who is his social inferior. On the other hand, this system tends to be very exclusive and parochial, and its treatment of persons as human beings with human wants and needs tends to be limited to its own members. The person outside is a stranger. He is to be regarded with suspicion and even with hostility.

The discrepancy between this kind of outlook and the more universal outlook of the west will be obvious. In a westernised society, relationships are much less comprehensive, and personal obligations are felt not towards a compact body of people, but towards persons in their individual roles as very near relatives or friends. In western economic and political institutions, in particular, the whole organisation of activities tends to be based on relations and loyalties of a largely impersonal and abstract kind. West African development, therefore, is largely the transition from the tribal to the westernised patterns, and there is bound to be a good deal of uneasiness and tension in the process of adjustment.

In the political field, for example, people whose sense of civic responsibility has hitherto been based on a feeling of personal relationship with their own clan, tribe, or chiefdom, have to be persuaded to acquire a much wider and more impersonal notion of citizenship. This concerns not only very large cultural groups such as the Hausa, the Ibo, and the Yoruba of Nigeria, but a host of very much smaller units. There are the myriad small chiefdoms and minor sovereignties which indirect rule has consolidated. Modern government also cuts across the traditional system in expecting the administrator and civil servant to place his obligations as a public servant before his obligations as a kinsman. Then there is the question of the industrialisation needed for greater economic productivity. This means not only more machinery but the introduction of large numbers of people to wage-labour. The implications of this also conflict with the traditional attitude towards work. For the tribal person looks upon the individual employing him not simply as someone who has hired him to perform a given job, but in a much more comprehensive way as his guardian, patron, and protector. Then there is also

the difficulty of fixing wages according to economic standards of needs when, in this kind of context, a wide circle of relatives expects the worker to share his earnings with them. Habits of punctuality and routine may also have to be acquired, because an individual accustomed to traditional conditions tends to look upon working for another person as he would regard doing a turn for a friend or neighbour. He is willing to help, but not at the cost of his own convenience.

The greatest problem—because it receives the least attention—is in family life. This arises directly out of the conflict in values. Children of non-literate parents naturally gain knowledge and ideas in school which cause them to doubt the older religious and magical beliefs of their parents. What they learn about modern methods of health and hygiene contradicts the habits they have been taught at home, which their older relatives still practise. All this strikes at the heart of parental control, which is based very largely on the supposed special wisdom of the older people and on the notion that they are in a position to influence the ancestors towards the younger generation. It undoubtedly underlies much of the juvenile delinquency and aimless vagrancy which is a growing characteristic of West African urban life. Another difficulty arises out of the changing attitude towards marriage. The traditional view is that marriage is primarily the concern of the two families involved, the spouses themselves being merely incidental parties to the compact. It is also customary for relatives to be consulted and to give judgment on any serious dispute between man and wife. Western contact, however, has encouraged the idea that marriage is a personal affair; and an increasing number of people, including non-literate people, are getting married without family consent. In some places such unions have no validity in native law and custom, and this means that another important source of social control is lost because the relatives have no responsibility for seeing that husband and wife observe their marital obligations.

Broadly, what all these disharmonies and phenomena of change imply is the existence of a large marginal area between two more or less distinctive patterns of life. One pattern along traditional lines is still followed by a large number of Africans; the other pattern along westernised lines is followed by a smaller number. But an increasing number of Africans also stand, metaphorically speaking, with one foot in the older and one foot in the newer type of society. Looked at in another way—from the angle of public opinion and social pressure—the influence of kinship and of the local group is on the wane; but it has not yet been fully replaced by the influence that churches, lodges, youth clubs, women's institutes, and other modern forms of association can bring to bear. This implies that, in the meantime, the individual drawn into this marginal area is subject to two sets of sanctions, neither of them very strong, but *diverging* from each other.

A Problem of Reconciliation

Fundamentally, therefore, West African development is a problem of reconciliation—of reconciling what already exists with what is deemed necessary in the interests of political, social, and economic change. The older pattern of African life cannot be destroyed outright, and if the transformation is too hasty or ill-judged it will merely re-emerge in an awkward form. Various anti-social nativistic cults in the larger towns are evidence of this. On the other hand, there are many examples of the adaptation of the older life to new circumstances. One can point to the comparative success of experiments in community welfare; and in local government which has brought tribal forms of administration up to date; and also in co-operative societies which have their roots in the indigenous sense of community. There has also been a notable and quite spontaneous growth of political parties which overlap tribal boundaries; of trade unions and tribal unions; and of countless mutual benefit societies.

And so we pass on to the question of the motive force behind these changes and the people who are most actively bringing them about. Make no mistake about this. The really dynamic force behind social change in West Africa is not the British Government, the Christian missions, the big trading companies, nor the mining concerns. It is nationalism. It is the desire on the part of most educated and literate Africans for independent self-government, which is seeking to turn aggregates of semi-feudal, traditional, and westernised societies into modern nation-states. These politically conscious Africans, therefore, share with the British Government the responsibilities as well as the opportunities of an enormous task of 'social engineering'. This is a highly specialised undertaking, and it is obviously desirable that sufficient Africans should be trained for its administrative and technical

duties. In other words, many experts in public administration, political science, economics, and sociology are needed. Last year, however, of some 1,000 West Africans at colleges in London, a bare dozen were studying a social science subject compared with, for example, some 300 studying law. Again, since a proper understanding of the changes going on around him would seem useful to the ordinary person growing up in West Africa today, it might help if the agrarian and industrial revolutions of western Europe were made a compulsory subject in African secondary schools. This kind of comparative insight into African problems would also ease the huge extramural burden of the university colleges, which has already been taken up with success in Nigeria, the Gold Coast, and Sierra Leone. In this urgent matter of contact with the now literate people, however, it does seem a pity that the new colleges have been sited so far from Ibadan and Accra.

No less important at the present stage is a good relationship between Africans and Europeans. British officials have earned high praise in connection with the recent Gold Coast elections and in implementing

the new Nigerian constitution, and Africans are also very ready to acknowledge the help and useful advice they are receiving from Europeans in the daily round of every sphere of government and missionary activity. The Europeans concerned are known personally and are respected as individuals, not as Europeans. There is also, however, another group of Europeans whose influence on African opinion in the opposite direction is out of all proportion to their numbers. These people are always complaining about the climate and about the Africans—principally about the Africans. They seem so genuinely unhappy that one wonders why they remain in West Africa, until it is realised that they are enjoying a standard of living, in terms of servants, motor-cars, and housing, which most of them could rarely hope to attain in the United Kingdom.

However, the salient fact, which is inescapable as one travels about these territories, is that the future of West Africa no longer rests in European hands. The challenge of these new problems is being taken up, sometimes with extraordinary zest and sincerity, by Africans themselves.—*Third Programme*

The Storm Over Asia

By ROBERT GUILLAIN

THE far eastern situation, as seen from the far east, does not look rosier now, at the end of 1952, than at the beginning of this year. 1952 has been a year of relative stability when you compare it with the preceding years, but it has been a year of stalemate. Observers in this part of the world—whether in Tokyo (where I am now)*, in Saigon, where I stayed recently, or on the Korean front, where I was a few days ago—have an uneasy feeling that this year of stalemate has been stirring up new troubles for the coming year, 1953. There exists a good barometer in the far east to tell you whether there is a storm ahead or a blue sky—it is the Korean situation. There was a time when the situation in Korea was commanding the situation in the rest of the world: it is the reverse at present. The Korean situation is commanded by outside factors, by the general trends in the conflict between east and west. Korea is the barometer, and that barometer is going down again as the last hopes for an armistice have been killed by Mr. Vishinsky in New York, echoed by Chou En-lai in Peking.

The far east has been shocked, more even than the west, by the rejection by Russia of the peace plan which an Asiatic country—India—proposed to the United Nations. The vitriolic sarcasms of Mr. Vishinsky denouncing the sincere efforts of India as 'rotten' have thrown a crude light, it is said here, on the real intention of Moscow. Russia has plainly indicated that she wants no peace in Korea at present. Korea being the barometer, it means that this part of the world will suffer the consequences of a general situation which is to see no abatement in the cold war. There is a general belief here that even if the Americans had bowed to the Communists on the question of prisoners, new and unexpected obstacles would have been erected by the Communists themselves across the road to peace, for it seems perfectly clear now that the present deadlock is quite satisfactory to Moscow. The Russian leaders have certainly been pleased to watch the embarrassment of President-elect Eisenhower when he found the other day in Korea that there was no visible solution for the Korean problem. There would remain one last chance of peace if Stalin himself would assume the role of a peace-maker after having frustrated Eisenhower in that role. But this is considered as highly improbable. What appears evident is a Russian will to keep the fires burning. And this has definitely made clear to the Western Powers the role of the far east in a global Soviet strategy.

In 1947-1948, the west feared that there would be a Russian aggression in the *Blitzkrieg* style, and that the victim would be Europe. In 1949 and 1950, we came to think that the same plan, leaving Europe out, would be applied to Asia. Today we have come to realise that the Soviet tempo is not so quick; that the Russians themselves will not come in the open, but use their satellites; and that the Russian answer to our policy of containment is a slow policy of erosion. The primary objective of the Communists remains Europe, but Asia has been chosen as the best ground on which to bleed the Western Powers.

I have just seen in Korea what size the war has assumed in 1952; what a huge military machine the United States has built up there; what a formidable strength they are wasting there. If the Korean war were settled now it is evident that this would be excellent for the west and for Europe. All the forces which I saw frozen on that Korean front would be available again for the defence of Europe and for the consolidation of the Atlantic Alliance. This, evidently, is what Moscow wants to prevent. Ten years ago Moscow was clamouring for her allies to open a second front in order to save Russia: today, Moscow has opened a second front in the cold war to destroy these same former allies. The forces of the west must remain pinned down on a distant secondary position. American rearmament must be nullified by the very war in Korea that started it. The ulcer in Korea must not be allowed to heal and the same is true of the ulcer in Indo-China, or the ulcer in Malaya.

The light that is thrown by the Communists themselves on Communist policy has not only put our own western policy under a better light; it has been one of the factors which have consolidated our positions in Asia, for it has promoted better unity and more determination among us to face a common danger. At the Moscow Communist Congress in October, Stalin bluntly publicised the Communist scheme of aggravating the dissension and what he called the 'contradictions between the western democracies'. But, paradoxically enough, the practical result of the Communist action in the far east has been quite to the contrary. Take the major problem in Asia today, the problem of what attitude the Western Powers should take towards Communist China: I find now, at the end of 1952, a much closer unity of purpose than I had found during my previous visit here in the spring of 1951. There is no longer that gap between a British policy of compromise with China and an American policy of action against the new Peking regime. British recognition of Red China has become more and more an academic gesture and a thing of the past. And the Chinese themselves, as if to abolish and not to aggravate the contradictions in the western camps, have given the *coup de grâce* to the last hopes of the Hong Kong merchants when they made the position untenable for the British houses in China, so that these had to close their businesses and pull out. A gradual realignment of the British policy and the American policy in the Pacific area has been, especially since Churchill came back to power, one of the main features of the far eastern situation.

A closer co-operation among the Western Powers is no less evident in one of the key positions in Asia: Indo-China. There has been a large increase and a quick acceleration of American help to the French and Japanese forces there. Despite the Korean drain on American resources, more than 200 ships from the United States had brought to Indo-China by this last October more than 220 combat aircraft, nearly 800 combat vehicles, and 13,000 transport vehicles, a great number of automatic and small arms, a large quantity of artillery guns, bombs, ammunition

equipment, medicines, etc. This has helped much to withstand the increasing pressure of the communist Viet-Minh army, which is, as you know, helped by China.

We lost some ground in northern Indo-China in the autumn, but in a region of no strategical value, and although the situation in Tongking remains a dangerous one, there has been a definite consolidation, military and political, in the rest of Indo-China. This protecting dyke against a red inundation which might sweep south-east Asia has been holding fast. Further south, there has been an improvement of the situation in Malaya. Finally, the Asiatic peoples themselves, seeing more clearly the intentions of Moscow and Peking, have increasingly co-operated in the defence of their own lands against communism. In Malaya, there has been a better co-operation of the overseas Chinese with the British. The situation has improved in Burma. Indonesia has not taken the road towards communism.

Birth of Asiatic Anti-Communist Armies

One of the latest developments, and an important one, has been the birth of Asiatic anti-communist armies. In Indo-China and in Korea, national armies, equipped and trained by the west, are taking an increasing part in the fight. Here in Japan, recent elections have shown that the pro-west tendency in the people is stronger than had been expected. One can feel a marked decrease of neutralism, which was still strong one year ago. At the same time, the Japanese Communists have become very weak, not merely because of government pressure but because they have thoroughly disgusted the Japanese by their policy of violence and sabotage. Moreover, contrary to many expectations, Russia instead of flirting with Japan has shown an openly hostile attitude. In Japan more than anywhere in Asia, the ominous neighbourhood of the two Red giants, Russia and China, has become a prevailing factor in politics. Indeed, these two neighbours appear the more dangerous as they have strengthened their alliance as much as we have consolidated ours. Thus the situation in the far east is more and more that of two armed camps facing each other with no bridge left to span the moat between them. To expect a crack in the Soviet-Chinese alliance is, in the opinion of experts on Chinese affairs, nothing but wishful thinking. There may be potential points of friction between the two, but political observers here rather stress the many reasons which are binding China and Russia together.

It is believed that the recent visit of Chou En-lai, the Chinese Prime Minister, to Moscow has strengthened the Communist bloc, not weakened it, even if China has had to make further concessions to Soviet Russia. The Korean war has more and more restricted the possibility of an independent Chinese policy and made Peking leaders increasingly subservient to Moscow. They are more and more in need of Soviet help—political, economic, and military. Is it not a fact that the war is exhausting China and alienating the people from the leaders? Reports from inside China do speak of all sorts of difficulties and discontent: however most observers of Chinese affairs believe that these are not driving China away from communism but rather more deeply into it. The Korean war has helped the Peking Government to tighten over the whole country the network of police control and a ruthless political organisation of the masses. Resistance is unorganised and no efficient help has come from Formosa to the few who would dare to rebel. Propaganda remains successful in fanning Chinese nationalism and pride when it glorifies the new Chinese army that has resisted the combined forces of the west in Korea, or when it denounces the United States as the arch-enemy of the Chinese people.

Japan and the Soviet-Chinese Alliance

Finally, the Soviet-Chinese alliance has been strengthened since the San Francisco Treaty made Japan an ally of America and gave the Japanese the permission to rearm. As a matter of fact, it is more and more apparent that the primary interest of the Soviet-Chinese alliance is directed towards Japan, and that its axis runs through north Asia. South-east Asia, a region where the situation is relatively more satisfactory for the west, comes probably second in the plans of the Communists. In south-east Asia they can be satisfied with the sort of negative policy by which the Red forces are just kept at a level with the anti-communist forces. Even a complete victory of the British in Malaya or the French in Indo-China would mean no real danger for Peking and Moscow.

In the north, on the contrary, vital interests are at stake and there

is no guarantee that the war can be kept burning slowly. In the north the war has come closer to highly strategic areas—to Manchuria which is both a buffer region for Russia and a pilot region for China, to east Siberia which is both a defensive zone sheltering the heart of Soviet power situated in central Asia and an offensive base for any eventual assault on nearby Japan. In the north, too, the possibilities of an enlargement of the conflict are evident. On one side, Japan might be taken into it; on the other, Soviet Russia herself, who has been tensely watching from the back. Never before has the Korean-Manchurian region so well deserved its reputation of being a powder barrel.

And this leads us finally to the prospects of the war in Korea, to the ever-growing danger which the present situation there represents for the peace of the world. I was recently in Korea, among the many press correspondents who followed the trip of President-elect Eisenhower to Seoul and to the front. I was remembering a previous visit I had made there in the last days of General MacArthur, when you could nearly smell in the air how much General MacArthur was tempted by an all-out war against China. The atmosphere surrounding the visit of General Eisenhower was fortunately much healthier. When he honestly admitted that there exists no trick solution to end this war, there was even no longer any trace of the recent electoral campaign. But there was, and there still remains after the visit, a conviction that nevertheless important changes are in the making. Even high American circles here consider that he has received from the American people a mandate that demands him to do something to change the situation. There is one thing he cannot do, it is said, and it is to accept the war as it goes now. The cost of that war in American blood and lives has mounted lately, and these losses are not repaid by any kind of gain. The army is stuck in its positional warfare, which is no good for its morale. The stalemate is increasingly detrimental to American prestige in Asia. Militarily, inaction is more and more dangerous: the Chinese have been allowed to build up a force of 700,000, supplemented by 300,000 North Koreans. They have uncovered since October a powerful artillery, their modernised army is holding in reserve a strong air force of jet fighters and bombers, and possibly an important armoured force.

Only One Solution?

On the other hand, there is another decision that Eisenhower will not take, as he hinted himself, and that is to seek a quick and definite victory by taking the risk of enlarging the war. Between these two limits—doing too little and doing too much—there are not many things that Eisenhower can recommend, it is thought here. There may be even only one solution: a limited offensive which would push the front further north to the narrow waistline of the Korean peninsula. Later, the new line could be left to the South Korean army, supported by American artillery, aviation, and navy. All this, however, appears easier said than done, the more so that, as the enemy himself is aware, this is what he can expect. American and possibly other reinforcements would be needed for that offensive. The Chinese have built a deep zone of defence, where they have dug an extraordinary network of tunnels and underground fortifications. A frontal push might be extremely costly. An amphibious operation with a naval landing in the rear may also be a dangerous task, as an important part of the Chinese forces is already manning the entire coastline of northern Korea.

Let us suppose now that the push to the north succeeds. The lines of communication of the enemy will have been shortened, our troops nearer Manchuria will find themselves in danger of being bombed by Chinese bombers supported by MIGs. Will there not be a new temptation, or even an obligation, to strike the enemy beyond the Yalu river, to destroy in China proper the bee-nests of his jet aircraft, and to bomb his cities and his troops? We would then discover that, after all, one step would have been made on the road which General MacArthur wanted to take, and that this might lead gradually to further steps in the same direction. Is this not precisely the Russian plan, the Russian trap? Russia, it is felt here, is now hardening her position; she is more and more playing tough. Will she not take advantage of the impatience of the American public, will she not lure more easily a Republican Government, which is more inclined to a policy of putting Asia first? Is not Russia trying to draw the United States and the United Nations into a Chinese war in order to grind American forces on the massive Chinese grindstone? These problems are not new, but they now appear more pressing than ever, and nowhere more than in the far east is there a fervent prayer that peace will be achieved by the men of goodwill.—*Third Programme*

The Listener

What They Are Saying

The Vienna 'Peace Congress'

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

A New Year

MORE than seven years, a tenth of a man's life, have passed since the wars against Germany and Japan ended, but we still step doubtfully rather than trustfully into a new year. The international sky remains dark; we are surrounded by wars or rumours of war; and most people, one imagines, received but cold comfort from the news from Mr. Stalin that war, unlike death, 'cannot be regarded as inevitable'. Perhaps, however, a little consolation may be obtained by looking back at our situation as it was seven years after the first German war. Then a streak of light had appeared upon the horizon. In October, 1925, the Locarno Pact was signed, and Austen Chamberlain informed the press that 'the real dividing line between the years of war and the years of peace' had been reached. To many then another world war had appeared unthinkable; for they had drunk long draughts of the spirit of Geneva; the League was still intact; and the preamble to the Pact had spoken, in tune with the epoch, of 'the scourge of war'. Next year, as it happened, there was a setback. The admission into the League of Nations of Germany, the penitent who had crossed the graveyard, was held up, not by her erst-while victims, but by the delegation from Brazil. However in September this particular squabble was settled and Germany joined the League. Thus it seemed after all that 'the war to end war' had ended it.

However, on the domestic front there was far greater uncertainty about the future. Mr. Churchill as Chancellor of the Exchequer had introduced the Conservative Government's Budget and was attacked by Philip Snowden and Alfred Mond (strange allies) for returning to the gold standard with undue precipitation. The nation was saddled with the 'intractable million' unemployed, and Mr. Churchill was warned that the return to the gold standard might have evil consequences for industry. Whether because of this or other causes the worst forebodings of the prophets of woe were to be realised. In 1926 the General Strike took place and the prolonged and tragic coal stoppage followed. Thus if Locarno bred hope, the General Strike brought dismay. What was our economic and industrial future going to be? The *Annual Register* for 1925 observed:

England, during 1925, saw itself drifting towards an economic impasse. The export trade, which had been the basis of prosperity for so many years, was no longer maintaining itself at a level commensurate with the country's scale of living, both public and private. A collapse of some kind seemed to be impending unless the export trade could be revived. . . .

In 1953 we can but reflect: '*plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*'.

Yet of course it was not the same thing, for history repeats itself with differences. Whereas a generation ago we inclined to believe we were on a road with a signpost pointing away from war but beset by a dubious economic future, in fact within another seven years the international outlook had become menacing again. On the other hand, though the Great Depression had yet to come and the problem of unemployment was not solved, the crisis was a world crisis against which it was hard to defend ourselves and we were to find recovery before war. Today, however, we still have little unemployment (speaking comparatively) and we are at least less perturbed over our economic than our political future. Perhaps it is difficult to be conscious of more than one scourge at a time. Looking forward, as we are in Coronation Year, to a period of high symbolism and high jinks, we must not sink into inspissated gloom. Life goes on. At Christmas we experience charity: in the New Year resolution; and with the spring-time hope.

DURING THE WEEK both Soviet and satellite radio commentators have continued to devote a significant proportion of their available broadcasting time to the propagation of views expressed at the Vienna 'Peace Congress'. One Moscow home service speaker had this to say about the proceedings:

The most remarkable passages of the congress have been those containing the speeches by representatives of nations who have already suffered the blows of the warmongers. The Korean delegates' speeches turned each time into a demonstration of solidarity with the heroic Korean people who are bearing the burden of imperialist aggression. The same applies to the speeches by the Vietnamese delegates, and as a rule, after each speech of that kind, moving scenes of fraternisation took place in the hall.

Another Moscow commentator described the scene at the congress when a Canadian delegate gave an account of his experiences in Korea. His testimony had 'literally shaken the delegates' and the silence had been so complete that the 'speaker's breathing could be distinctly heard'. After his speech the Canadian delegate had been 'embraced and kissed' by the Korean delegate. According to Bucharest radio, quoting from the official Communist organ *Scanteia*, the congress had

brilliantly demonstrated the possibility of peaceful coexistence and co-operation between different economic and political systems provided there exists a sincere desire for co-operation and understanding.

Moscow radio summed up the congress in these words:

The Congress of the Peoples in the Defence of Peace marks a further upsurge in the struggle for peace among the nations against the instigators of a new war. The peoples can alter the course of events: they can give back to mankind its confidence in a peaceful tomorrow.

The final tribute to the sponsor of the congress came from the Soviet writer and publicist Ilya Ehrenburg, who, upon receipt of a Stalin Peace Prize, made the following statement on Moscow radio:

I learnt of this high award here in Vienna, after the closing of the Peace Congress, which was a victory for the forces of peace and which has lent all people desiring peace fresh strength and given them new hope. The prize awarded on the birthday of Joseph Stalin, a man who has done more than anyone else for peace, is a very big award and a great happiness.

Commenting upon the influence of Stalin in another aspect of life in the Soviet Union, *The New York Times* has this to say about the recent appointment of an editor-in-chief to *Pravda*:

About three years ago, during the editorship of Comrade Pospelov, a study of a single page of a single issue of *Pravda* disclosed that the name of Comrade Stalin had been mentioned in one approving context or another exactly 101 times. Soon afterwards, as you may have heard, the scholarly Comrade Pospelov was promoted to the presidency of the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute and was succeeded in the editorial chair by one Comrade Llyichev, who, however, lasted only a year in the job. Though most foreign experts could not notice any particular change in the editorial tone or contents of *Pravda* during his brief regime, evidently the absence of something was noticed at the Kremlin. And perhaps some indication of what it might have been can be gleaned from the announcement by the new editor Comrade Shepilov that the new policy of *Pravda* will be to extol 'the genius work of J. V. Stalin' and to publicise 'the economic problems of socialism in the Soviet Union'. We are pretty sure that if Comrade Shepilov clings strictly to that formula, his job will be safe.

The adjournment of the General Assembly of the United Nations and the vitriolic resolution of Mr. Gromyko condemning the United States authorities for alleged atrocities at a prison camp on Pongam Island, have also been commented upon by speakers east of the Iron Curtain. This is how one Moscow commentator expressed himself:

This word (Pongam) has shaken the world as a symbol of new cannibalistic atrocities by the United States interventionists. When the ashes of Maidenek were unearthed it seemed to mankind that the limit had been reached. When napalm-soaked Korea burst into flames, the common folk of the whole world shuddered in anguish and indignation. But even this was not to be the limit of the cruelty of contemporary United States Fascism. Napalm, high explosives, gas, plague, cholera! Even General Ridgway's plague germs were but a step in the fanatical atrocities of Hitler's United States successors.

The New York Times suggested that the motive behind this unexpected attack was to counteract the devastating impression on world opinion created by the blunt communist rejection of the Indian peace plan, and to whip up a Soviet hate campaign against the United States.

'A Union of Nations'

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN'S Christmas Day broadcast

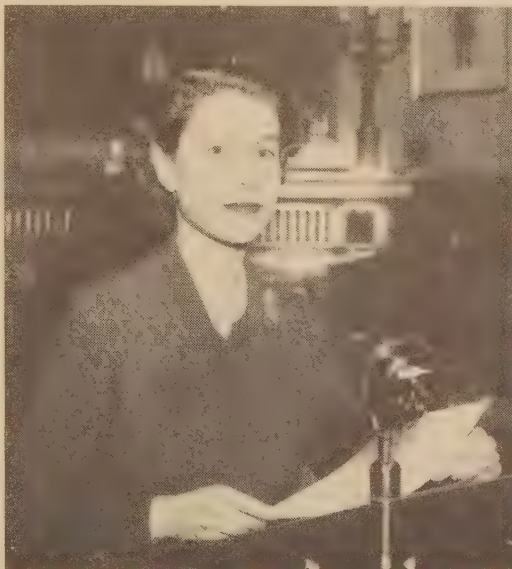
EACH Christmas at this time my beloved father broadcast a message to his people in all parts of the world. Today I am doing this to you, who are now my people. As he used to do, I am speaking to you from my own home, where I am spending Christmas with my family; and let me say at once how I hope that your children are enjoying themselves as much as mine are on a day which is especially the children's festival, kept in honour of the Child born at Bethlehem nearly 2,000 years ago.

Most of you to whom I am speaking will be in your own homes, but I have a special thought for those who are serving their country in distant lands far from their families. Wherever you are, either at home or away, in snow or in sunshine, I give you my affectionate greetings, with every good wish for Christmas and the New Year.

At Christmas our thoughts are always full of our homes and our families. This is the day when members of the same family try to come together or, if separated by distance or events, meet in spirit and affection by exchanging greetings. But we belong, you and I, to a far larger family. We belong, all of us, to the British Commonwealth and Empire, that immense union of nations, with their homes set in all the four corners of the earth. Like our own families, it can be a great power for good—a force which I believe can be of immeasurable benefit to all humanity. My father and my grandfather before him worked all their lives to unite our peoples ever more closely and to maintain its ideals which were so near to their hearts. I shall strive to carry on their work.

Already you have given me strength to do so. For, since my accession ten months ago, your loyalty and affection have been an immense support and encouragement. I want to take this Christmas Day, my first opportunity, to thank you with all my heart.

Many grave problems and difficulties confront us all, but with a new faith in the old and splendid beliefs given us by our forefathers, and the strength to venture beyond the safeties of the past, I know we shall be worthy of our duty. Above all, we must keep alive that courageous spirit of adventure that is the finest quality of youth; and by youth I do not just mean those who are young in years: I mean, too, all those who are young in heart, no matter how old they may be. That spirit still flourishes in this old country and in all the younger countries of our Commonwealth.



Her Majesty the Queen at the microphone on Christmas Day

On this broad foundation let us set out to build a truer knowledge of ourselves and our fellow men, to work for tolerance and understanding among the nations and to use the tremendous forces of science and learning for the betterment of man's lot upon this earth. If we can do these three things with courage, with generosity, and with humility, then surely we shall achieve that 'Peace on earth, goodwill toward men' which is the eternal message of Christmas and the desire of us all.

At my Coronation next June, I shall dedicate myself anew to your service. I shall do so in the presence of a great congregation, drawn from every part of the Commonwealth and Empire, while millions outside Westminster Abbey will hear the promises and the prayers being offered up within its walls, and see much of the ancient ceremony in which kings and queens before me have taken part through century upon century. You will be keeping it as a holiday; but I want to ask you all, whatever your religion may be, to pray for me on that day—to pray that God may give me wisdom and strength to carry out the solemn promises I shall be making, and that I may faithfully serve Him and you all the days of my life.

May God bless and guide you all through the coming year.

Did You Hear That?

A NEW PORTRAIT OF ST. PETER?

IN PREVIOUS NUMBERS OF THE LISTENER accounts have been given of the excavations made below the foundations of the Church of St. Peter in Rome. Archaeologists, exploring through the great mass of earth laid down as a platform for the Emperor Constantine's first Church of St. Peter, came across a complete Roman cemetery, with rows of family tombs near the spot where St. Peter was believed to have been buried. A study of the tombs has revealed what is believed to be a representation of the apostle, according to traditions prevailing in the third century.

'It shows', said CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. Rome correspondent, in 'The Eye-Witness', 'an egg-shaped head, broad at the top and pointed at the chin, with a completely bald, receding brow, corrugated with wrinkles, huge, heavy-lidded eyes, high-set projecting ears, full cheeks, a long Semitic nose, fleshy lips, and a small straggling

chin-beard like an imperial. This drawing, together with an extremely important inscription, was found scrawled in red lead on the stucco which decorates a pagan tomb. They were evidently executed by some casual visitor to the tomb, who had entered it between the time when it was constructed, probably about A.D. 190, and the time when the Emperor Constantine earthed up this cemetery to found his church, which is now thought to have been in the year 321 or 322.

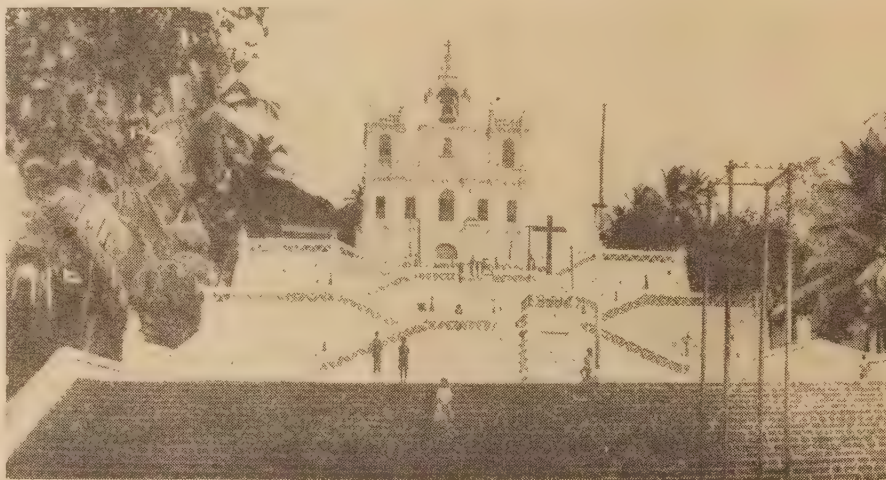
'One of Rome's leading experts, Professor Margherita Guarducci, was called in to study the inscription. She made out five lines written in Latin which according to her interpretation could be translated "Peter, pray to Christ Jesus on behalf of the sainted Christian people buried near your body". Above, and slightly to the left of the inscription, is the drawing of the head that I have described. And there is another curious detail: some later hand has touched up the red-lead letters with charcoal, and apparently the same hand has scrawled in charcoal another

very crude drawing of a head and shoulders a little higher up than the face believed to represent St. Peter. The fact that it has curly hair, says Professor Guarducci, might suggest an attempt to portray St. Peter's divine Master.

'Professor Guarducci claims that the inscription she has deciphered is proof that there was a cult attached to the reputed grave of St. Peter before the Emperor Constantine erected his church, a church with the design of making St. Peter's tomb the central feature. The tomb where the inscription was found is only a few yards down the original hill from that hallowed spot. Professor Guarducci tentatively dates the drawing and inscription to the second half of the third century, that is, nearly 200 years after the traditional date of St. Peter's martyrdom. But she has disclosed that she is on the track of evidence which may prove the cult of St. Peter to have existed in the Vatican within the 100 years which followed his death'.

GOLDEN GOA

'Nobody could tell me why they called it golden Goa', said RICHARD WILLIAMS in a talk in the General Overseas Service, 'but the approach from the sea at dawn explains the adjective. Our little ship had chugged down the coast overnight from Bombay, and we anchored off a dark headland, waiting for light and a high tide to carry us up the shallow estuary. The sun rose above a line of low hills and the landscape, until then a silhouette ahead of us, suddenly came to life—the rich, red earth, covered with a forest of palm trees, the ruins of the old castle on the point, and the bold statue of Albuquerque, founder of the colony, staring out to sea, and in this brief tropical sunrise they were all bathed in gold.



The church of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception at Nova Goa

Nova Goa, or Pangim, is the modern capital of the territory. Life revolves round the quayside, and the arrival of the Bombay steamer is the event of the day. After the great port of Bombay, Nova Goa seems hardly bigger than a Cornish fishing village, and time has changed it very little. The plaster-fronted houses and shops are painted in garish colours—red ochre, the colour of the soil, bright blue, or a softer green; and the waterfront is lined with *cafés* and bars, which never seemed to shut while I was there.

'From the quayside the traveller can see the Secretariat, the headquarters of the Administration, a lovely old building which was once in Goa's turbulent history a Mogul fort. Here, behind thick walls, hung with the portraits of Viceroys since 1520, are the archives of Portuguese India: a rich tapestry of history across 400 years. Wherever he goes, the visitor in Goa can never quite escape from this sense of the past. Everything, even the ancient French taxis, and the sedate buses, with bodies of burnished brass, has a mellow vintage quality and, despite the tropical landscape, the bland heat of the afternoon, and the exotic birds wheeling over the harbour, the town retains an oddly European atmosphere. All the street signs are in Portuguese, the official language. The peasants speak a local dialect of their own peculiar to this part of the Indian coast. English is little heard; French is much more useful as a second language.

'The churches are the special glory of Goa. Their great, white towers ride above the expanse of palm trees on every hill top. Most of them date back 300 or 400 years and, at Old Goa, the former capital, they have long outlived the city they were built to serve. Old Goa was abandoned within a century after a devastating plague. Now it is a crumbled ruin overrun by the jungle. But five churches still stand in a perfect state of preservation, massive, baroque buildings all in use today. It is here, in the basilica of Bom Jesus, that St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the east, is buried, and here his fourth centenary

was celebrated with a Catholic splendour reminiscent of Seville or of Rome.

'Goa is administered as an extension of metropolitan Portugal. The Governor-General is a direct representative of the Government of Lisbon, and all important legislation is enacted there. Most of the 650,000 people in the territory—they are divided almost evenly into Christians and Hindus—live by farming and fishing. These are the main industries. To a casual visitor the countryside looks prosperous enough. In one fairly lengthy tour I saw no signs of the desperate poverty one so often encounters in Asia. Yet Goa has to import a large part of its food supplies from India, and every year thousands of young people emigrate in search of employment and better prospects. In recent years mining has played an increasingly important part in the economy of Goa. Every week ships leave with cargoes of iron ore for Japan, and the export of manganese to the United States brings in a useful supply of dollars. Fish, cashew nuts, and various palm-tree products provide the rest of the revenue.

'There is one other economic activity for which, in the nature of things, accurate figures are not available. The smuggling of gold, liquor, and other contraband—most of it to neighbouring India—has become a secondary industry. The gold comes chiefly from the Persian Gulf, on its way to the Far East, and Goa is one of the many places where it changes hands.

The liquor finds its way to a thirsty market in Bombay, despite the vigilance of customs and police officials. This traffic in contraband is one of the causes of the present strained relations between Goa and India. Meanwhile, the authorities in Portugal are planning new reforms in Goa. Commander Rodrigues, the Minister for Overseas Provinces, during a visit to Goa last spring, promised that there would be greater elasticity in the administration of Portugal's overseas territories. Certain economic developments, including better roads, telegraph communications, and a much needed airfield are also foreshadowed under proposals now being examined in Lisbon'.

A BUFF-BREASTED SAND-PIPER

'I found myself at a large sewage farm in the Midlands one day last September', said R. S. R. FITTER in 'Open Air'. 'I had been told that I might have the chance of seeing a buff-breasted sand-piper there, and I was lucky enough to find on arriving that two other bird-watchers had done all the hard work for me, and located it among a party of other small waders. I was thus able to spend some time watching this very distinctive small wading bird, which was only the twentieth specimen of its kind that has been certainly known in the British Isles. It looks like a small reeve, the female of the ruff, about the size of a common sand-piper, with a markedly rounded head and shortish bill. The most noticeable thing about it was the beautiful golden-buff colour of the head and breast, shining like a little beacon in the bright September sunshine. Indeed, the easiest way to pick it up again when you lost sight of it among the furrows—it was in a waterlogged ploughed field—was to look for that glowing, yellow point. Other points about it were that it had no white wing-bar or patches on the rump or tail like so many small waders, but instead showed a flash of white on the underwing.

'I suppose the number of people in Britain who have ever heard of a buff-breasted sand-piper at all must be rather small. It is not surprising that it should be so little known, because not only is it so rare in Britain, but it breeds in some of the remotest parts of Arctic North America where few bird-watchers have the good fortune to go. In fact, many bird enthusiasts in Canada and the United States would have been almost as glad to see the buff-breasted sand-piper as I was'.

The Case for a Sterling Area Authority

BRUCE MILLER on convertibility

I WANT to discuss convertibility in both economic and political terms, because its economic and political aspects cannot be separated. Usually, economists like to separate political from economic factors, if they can, because they regard political factors as irrelevant to a proper economic analysis; but this is a case where discussion becomes completely unreal unless political factors are brought fully into play. The final decisions on convertibility will be political ones made by politicians for political reasons—using political in the widest sense. Also, I am going to talk as an Australian, but only in the sense that I shall try to explain the attitudes current in the sterling area outside Britain; I am not trying to outline Australian policy or present 'the case for Australia'.

Desire for Pre-war Conditions

What do we mean by convertibility? In what I am saying I mean by convertibility a state of affairs in which anyone who sells anything to a buyer in the sterling area can spend the proceeds of the sale anywhere in the world—a very different state of affairs from what we have now. We used to have convertibility before the war, and there is a widespread feeling that we ought to have it now—partly as a moral question, partly because of the extra goods which it would enable people to buy, especially dollar goods. I call it partly a moral question because that is the only way I can think of to describe the state of mind that demands a return of everything that existed before the war, unmindful of changed conditions. Many people assume that the pre-war world was a 'normal' world, and that we cannot be said to be on our feet until we have restored every detail of it. I think that is an unreasonable attitude, but it is to be found all over the Commonwealth in regard to convertibility. And, as well, there is the solid fact that many people are impatient with the present situation because it prevents them from buying American goods when those are what they want. Many Australians, for example, are aching for the day when they can buy American cars, instead of having to wait a long time for an Australian car or accept British cars which they regard as second-best. Not all Australians feel like that; but certainly many do. Their attitude is typical of much of the thinking about convertibility. Why cannot we have it straight away, they ask.

I believe the answer lies in the fact that the conditions which allowed us free convertibility before the war have changed, and that, as things stand now, the changes have been so great as to make convertibility impossible in its pre-war shape. First, as a result of the war the United Kingdom is not now in the same commanding position as a creditor nation as in 1939. One can make too much of the loss of overseas investments during the war, though the losses were serious; Mr. A. R. Conan's new book, *The Sterling Area*, suggests that Britain today has overseas investments worth something like £4,000,000,000, while the pre-war value was £4,500,000,000—not a very great difference. The thing to note is the growth of the debit side of Britain's capital account. As a result of her war-time commitments and her post-war borrowings from the dollar area, she is now, on balance, a debtor country. While this does not seem to have expressed itself yet in her annual balance of payments, the total effect is to reduce Britain's capacity as a banker for the rest of the sterling area.

Then among post-war changes are such things as the tremendous growth in importance of the overseas sterling area territories, whose total visible trade is now about equal to that of the United Kingdom and who are responsible for a good deal of the sterling area's deficit; the increased demand for dollar goods in those overseas sterling countries, resulting from high incomes there and ambitious plans for development, both for rural production and secondary industries; and, above all, the changes in prices since the war, in comparison with the trend of prices in the 1930s, the period which many people regard as 'normal'. Broadly, the effect of price trends since the war has been to raise continually the prices of primary products (some of them, like wool, to unheard-of levels), while the prices of manufactured goods have lagged behind. The effect upon the United Kingdom is obvious. Britain

is a country which is dependent upon primary products from overseas to feed and clothe her people and to provide raw materials for industry to make export goods from: the effect has been to make it harder all round for Britain to live. But it is worth thinking of the effect of these price-changes upon the overseas sterling countries, which live largely by exporting primary products, and whose trade vitally affects the solvency of the sterling area. The effect has been to generate high levels of income in those countries, and to accelerate any inflationary forces which might be operating there. It has been to stimulate the demand of those countries, such as Australia, and South Africa, and Ceylon, for imports from the United States, both consumer goods and capital goods—because the local inflation of incomes and prices has led to big developmental plans on the part of governments and private industry. The overseas sterling countries have thus found themselves much bigger importers than before the war, so big, in fact, that although they earn more dollars than the United Kingdom, they spend more, in proportion, and their dollar problem is bigger than yours in Britain. Their overseas trading position is, in fact, much less stable than Britain's.

These changes mean that Britain cannot now play the commanding role which she played in the sterling area before the war. She cannot provide the general backing which her creditor position allowed her to provide then; and she is not now the senior partner—at least to anything like the same extent. She is responsible for only half the sterling area's trade, instead of the much bigger proportion of the 1930s, and the stability of the other half is highly unpredictable. She is not in a position to back convertibility; she has no surplus to spare. Yet, at the same time, as the sterling area stands now, the whole responsibility would rest upon Britain: she has formal responsibility for sterling, which is her currency and not the currency of any other substantial member of the sterling area. She would be the first to take a hammering if the demand for dollars and other foreign currencies became greater under convertibility than the sterling area as a whole could stand. Is she prepared to take a hammering?—by which I mean a decline in her own internal consumption or, rather, a sudden drop, big enough to finance the demands which a heavy strain on sterling would involve? I doubt it very much; and here is where the political considerations have to be thought of. Britain's reasons for not following a heavy disinflationary policy at present are primarily political, not economic. They must be respected. But so also must the political demands of the overseas sterling countries which help to cause their balance of payments problems. In their cases the political demands for industrialisation and development are of the same order as the demands for fair shares and the welfare state here in Britain.

If my analysis is correct, then we can create the conditions for convertibility only by strengthening the economic base of the sterling area considerably, or by modifying our political demands, or by doing both. And strengthening the economic base is a long-term business for which, on the whole, it is hard to find surplus funds.

Lack of Funds

For example, Britain has been unable to take much part in the very profitable post-war economic expansion in Canada because of lack of funds; and the same applies to a lesser extent to investment in non-dollar areas, such as the colonies. Introducing into the House of Commons a bill which enables colonies in Africa to borrow dollars from the World Bank for internal development projects, Mr. Lyttelton said: 'We have neither available balances on international account nor the necessary volume of savings at home to finance all the projects which would be desirable'. This sad admission was made about colonial areas which earn large quantities of dollars and have big sterling balances which they have been adding to. My point is that, although we are continually strengthening the Commonwealth's economic base in various minor and some major ways, we cannot do it fast enough to enable us to achieve the conditions for convertibility in the foreseeable future—unless we can modify the political demands I mentioned.

And they are formidable demands. There is, to start with, the British welfare state, with its emphasis upon fair shares and high standards of consumption, in food especially, which are not based upon market values. As I understand it, there is widespread agreement in Britain that such a state of affairs must continue; and the same applies to another political demand, the heavy rearmament programme. Then there is the demand for industrialisation in the overseas dominions, which has been the target for a great deal of sniping in the London press in recent times. I have some sympathy with this sniping, because I think that much dominion industrialisation, especially in Australia, has been uneconomic and can be preserved only by restrictionist policies. But I think it important that the reasons behind these policies of industrialisation should be better understood in Britain. To a large extent, of course, they are not 'policies' at all, if by 'policy' one means something deliberately and coolly thought out and put into effect by a government in order to change an existing situation. In fact, much of dominion industrialisation has been the necessary result of crisis situations in both wars and in the depression of the 1930s, which caused more widespread distress, though not necessarily deeper distress, in the primary-producing dominions than in Britain.

Manufactures and High Living Standards

Once secondary industries are embarked on under the spur of crisis and necessity, they are hard to get rid of; and it may even be uneconomic to get rid of them, since they represent equipment and skills which have enriched the basic capital of the country. Politically, they create vested interests which must be taken into account by politicians who are framing economic policy. As well as the crisis aspect, however, there is the very real nationalist element in the growth of secondary industries in the overseas sterling countries. For nearly a century Australia, for example, has had publicists and thinkers who stressed the need for her to manufacture her own goods if she was to be any more than what we call a 'wood and water joey'—a hewer of wood and drawer of water for other people. 'Australia will not be a nation until she produces her own motor-car', was a slogan which has now reached fulfilment. That sort of sentiment is deep and widespread: it is essentially a nationalist sentiment. The same is true to an even greater extent of new dominions like India and Pakistan and even Ceylon. They see primary-producing countries as largely at the mercy of secondary-producing ones, and they see manufactures as the key to high living standards. You can argue against this attitude at great length without shifting it, because it is a nationalist prejudice. The point can be extended further: as well as the overseas countries being anxious to develop their own manufactures, they are extremely wary of any policy which seems to be designed in Britain's interests and not theirs. They do not want to be governed from the City of London.

All this sounds very gloomy, I know; but I want to dispel certain illusions: one, that Britain is strong enough to make her own decisions about convertibility; two, that any decisions she makes will be necessarily carried out by the dominions; three, that dominion governments are likely to accept British judgments about what is good for them, in preference to their own. Having said that, it is important that I should emphasise the strong desire of the overseas sterling countries to keep the sterling area together and to achieve convertibility. I must also emphasise, though, that if we attempted convertibility now without applying, throughout the Commonwealth, the stark economic policies which are needed to build up our gold and dollar reserve, there would be a smash and we would see the break-up of the sterling area as we know it today.

So what should be done? Since it has been necessary to throw so much emphasis upon political considerations, the first need is to create a political authority which can speak in the name of the sterling area and accept the responsibility of making policy for it. At present the sterling area has no governing authority, and no one makes binding decisions. It lives in an atmosphere of gentlemen's agreements, secret conferences, and guarded statements. What semblance of common policy it has is decided by discussions between Commonwealth ministers, who do not even correspond to the membership of the sterling area. Such an arrangement encourages misunderstanding and evasion of responsibility. We had an undignified example of it earlier this year, when the Australian Treasurer said the Finance Ministers' Conference had decided one thing and the British Chancellor of the Exchequer said it had decided another. I should like to see some sterling area authority which we could acknowledge as such. The present position does not correspond to realities.

I know that in suggesting some stronger authority for the sterling area I am running against all the Commonwealth tendencies of recent years, which have been away from binding commitments and towards consultation and colloquy. I think, though, that the situation of the sterling area demands a reversal of that trend. In effect, the sterling area countries are running a joint business. They have a central reserve of gold and dollars which they use, in the long run, to finance their trade. Before the war the whole responsibility for this could be taken by Britain; that is the case no longer. Now, the area's backing is so weak that a single dominion acting the drunken sailor in its import policy can upset the rest.

It seems to me common sense that if the sterling countries want convertibility, and want it soon, their circumstances demand that they should pay for it by some surrender of sovereignty. Of course, they might find that, even if they did achieve some measure of common control, they still could not easily achieve the conditions for convertibility. They might find that the sterling area cannot even visualise convertibility unless it revises its whole trade and production pattern. In that case the need for some common authority would still remain, whether they decided to try for convertibility or to operate a closed system of their own. In both cases they would be forced to review their resources and lay down common policies. So I make no apology for running against recent Commonwealth trends. It is one thing to recognise independence and self-government as good things in themselves, and quite another to imagine that, unaided, they will automatically produce common economic policies.

If it proved possible to work out a concerted policy, then we should stand more chance of approaching the United States and suggesting an 'Atlantic Payments Union'. The political difficulties of getting such a payments union under way would be immense. But I think they would be eased if we had a sterling area council with a definite job to do—which was a recognisable governing unit and was able to take responsibility for what it said it would do. It would be more acceptable to the Americans as a bargaining agent than the present uneasy system. In the long run, convertibility can be assured only with American support.—*Third Programme*

The Beggar

I stir the muddy pool and watch the skin
Burst open like a grape's. But through that crack
Only this image struggles up—a thin
Girl's body in a dress of greasy black.

Out of the ooze this child: bare legs where sores
Cluster like knots on wood, a dented locket
And claws which scratch my sleeves as she implores
The tattered change I thrust into my pocket.

That summer there were many such. One fancied blood
Was alien to those veins and that the heat
Had sucked her from some stinking waste of mud
To send her darting, cat-like, through the street.

The tram ground to a halt and she was thrust
Slithering across my legs. Beasts in a zoo
Smell rankly thus, I thought in my disgust.
One foot had left its imprint on my shoe.

Again I stir the mud. I see her kneeling
There in the tram-car while she wipes away
That imprint with her skirt. And I, unfeeling,
Look down upon her head the dust turned grey.

And only now, as through the skin I force
This image slowly upwards, do I know
A tenderness or pity or remorse
For that lost child so many years ago.

Why should I now remember? Yet it seems
She had been always there to summon back,
And now, burst through the mud, alone redeems
Long years of apathy, a fatal lack.

FRANCIS KING

Resettlement in Finland

By HILLAR KALLAS

WHEN Finland sent off her last train-load of war reparations to the Soviet Union this autumn, her achievement was widely and justly acclaimed. Taking into account her smaller population, she had paid to the full reparations five times as heavy as those imposed on the Kaiser's Germany after the first world war. It is less well known that at the same time Finland has completed another immense task, the resettlement of 500,000 Finnish refugees from the areas she had to give up to Russia; a task which has cost the state fully as much as the reparations, absorbing one-tenth of the national budget over the past seven years. Finland is the first country to have found land, homes, and work for such a large number of settlers—no one thinks of them any longer as refugees—and to have done this without foreign aid.

When the Soviet armies, after suffering spectacular defeats at the beginning of their aggression against Finland in November 1939, finally pierced the Finnish lines three months later, Finland was forced to give up the ancient Karelian border province in the south-east, the birthplace of the national epic 'Kalevala', representing one-tenth of her national territory. All but a handful of the Karelian Finns, of their own free will, chose exile and the hardships and uncertainties of displaced persons; even the 7,000 Karelians who have voted for the Finnish Communist Party showed a remarkable unanimity in not wishing to sample Soviet Communism in practice. Some 2,000 Russians, who had settled in Karelia 200 years ago and who even now speak little Finnish, also joined the exodus. With the outbreak of the new war against Russia in 1941, the great majority of Karelians fol-

lowed in the wake of the advancing Finnish army and began to rebuild their ruined homes, only to face a second evacuation three years later. Once again, none hesitated before this bitter choice. Karelia, which has aptly been described as the northern Macedonia and has suffered division under nine peace treaties in 600 years, once more reverted to Russia under the armistice of 1944. But for the first time it became



Logs from a Finnish forest floating down-river to a saw-mill



Finns building their own house

a land without a people. Characteristically, Stalin insisted on the frontier which Peter the Great imposed on Finland in 1721.

The plight of the 500,000 eastern Finns awakened a rare mood of national unanimity. The general principle was established that every refugee should receive compensation for land and property lost; in addition, those who had owned a house would receive government loans and other help to build a new one; and those who had owned farmlands would receive new farms at least as large as the ones they possessed before. Wherever possible, whole Karelian parishes were resettled in the same area; hardships would be easier to bear in the company of old neighbours. At the same time, the state promised land to some 60,000 ex-servicemen with families, war invalids, war widows, and orphans, and extra land to those existing farms which were considered uneconomic. In all, some 300,000 people had to be settled on new land.

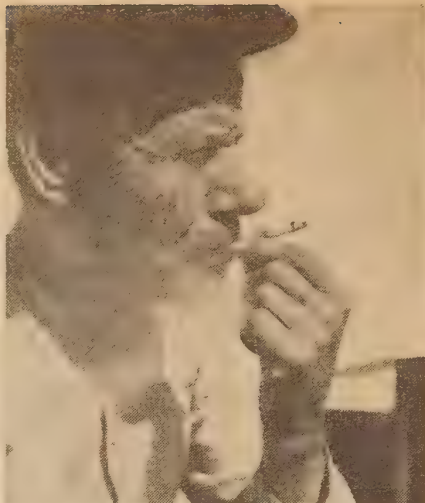
All the political parties joined in passing two measures: a capital levy to finance the compensation payments, the whole nation thus sharing the burden of the losses; and the Land Expropriation Act, which required that land must be surrendered in the first place by the state itself, the municipalities, religious bodies, and the great timber companies, and in the second place by private owners. To give an idea of the agricultural revolution this has brought about, it is sufficient to mention that one-tenth of the entire arable and forest area in the country, some 2,000,000 hectares, has been sold voluntarily or expropriated for the benefit of the new settlers. The average agricultural holding has dropped from 10.6 to 8.9

hectares. Two factors have contributed in making resettlement a success: the tremendous rise in timber prices—even now they are ten times higher than immediately after the war—has helped to provide capital; while the rapidly expanding reparations and reconstruction industries quickly absorbed those refugees who had earned their living by other means than agriculture. The unemployment figures for the whole nation amounted only to about 3,000 this autumn, although they are expected to rise in the winter.

Many of the great resettlement areas I visited had literally been hewn out of virgin forest, the type of pioneer farming in which the Finnish qualities of toughness, self-reliance, and nature craft are shown to their best advantage. I spent one morning on such a 25-hectare farm, a few hours' drive northward from Helsinki, and the story of its owner, Private Heikkilä, a Karelian war-invalid with one arm, was typical of thousands. While he was in the wars, his wife and six children—large families are common among Karelians—took part in the double exodus, taking with them each time their most prized possessions, their one horse and three cows. For seven years, the family lived like nomads, billeted on strangers and eking out their existence by doing odd jobs for others. Then at last Heikkilä's turn came, in 1946, the Government giving him the choice of settling on formerly cultivated land or of wresting a farm from the forest. My one-armed friend chose the latter for two reasons: the special subsidy for pioneer farms would provide him right away with a basic income guaranteeing at least a minimum standard of living; and the sale of his own timber would enable him to pay off gradually the state loans for buying his farm and building on it. The major source of income of most Finnish farmers is their forest. The average farm in the south consists of one-third arable land and two-thirds forest, and, as one goes northward, the proportion of forest increases to as high as nine-tenths.

When Heikkilä took over, the state had cut down about five hectares of forest, done the basic drainage, and built a network of roads to serve the new colony. Heikkilä and his two boys, both in their teens, began by building a Finnish *sauna*, a steam-bath contained in a two-roomed hut, in which he and his family lived, while they completed their main building, a two-storey wooden house with six rooms, neat as a pin. Occasionally neighbours would come and help with the job. It is a remarkable fact that most settlers, have done their own building, supervised only by a government inspector, for such skills are still general in Finland. Next, Private Heikkilä tackled alone with his one arm the job of clearing his five hectares of arable land of tree stumps, while the sons and daughters took work in the neighbourhood. I saw him at it, or I would never have believed it possible. The smaller stumps he uprooted with an iron bar; the bigger ones he blew up with explosive. Some fields had already been ploughed by him, and will be ready for sowing in the spring. Like most Karelians, my friend had a happy, buoyant and humorous outlook on life; there was no self-pity about him, and he could not understand why I thought he had achieved a miracle.

Everywhere I went I could see the government policy of encouraging self-help and co-operation bearing fruit. In many places, the settlers have organised their own builders' 'commando' units of two to six skilled men, who go from farm to farm helping with the more difficult construction jobs. Many settlers have formed small com-



Two Karelians: the old lady below is drinking coffee, Finland's national drink

panies for acquiring a pool of tractors and other farm machinery; up to half their capital is lent by the state. A land clearance company was formed as early as 1940, with state help, to hire out bulldozers and other machinery for land reclamation all over the country.

The landowners, who have had to give up an average of ten per cent. of their land to the settlers, were paid in state bonds at prices prevailing in 1944, corresponding to only about a fifth of their real loss; but, on the other hand, they could use these bonds to pay off the capital levy. Nobody likes parting with property, but I was surprised at the patriotism and understanding many of them showed. By now most landowners can see the long-term advantages to themselves in creating vast numbers of independent peasant farms in conditions naturally breeding traditional and conservative values; they are Finland's best bulwark against communism from within.

The difference in character between the boisterous and volatile Karelians and the more deliberate and taciturn western Finns led at first to friction, but the reverse of some pessimistic prophecies has happened. The Deputy Prime Minister, Mr. Luukka, himself a Karelian and responsible for resettlement as Minister for Agriculture, told me that nearly seventy per cent. of Karelian marriages nowadays are mixed marriages. The attraction of opposites and the scattering of the settlers are bringing about their gradual absorption, and the Finnish race should gain much by this intermingling. There is a

natural nostalgia among the older generation, but the younger Karelians as a whole would probably wish to remain in their new homeland. The loss of Karelia is generally accepted as final, and there is little *revanchisme* among the realistic Finns.

In the meantime, what are the Russians doing in the Finnish Karelian territories which they took over under the peace treaty? When I visited the frontier at Imatra, you could sometimes hear Russian workers on the other side singing as they went to work in the cellulose factory, once one of Finland's biggest, which is now again going full blast. The Russians have brought in industrial workers to exploit

especially Karelia's great timber resources. But the remarkable thing is that there has been almost no agricultural or general resettlement. This fact is so striking that rumours occasionally gain currency among the Karelians that the Russians intend one day to return the province to Finland. Whatever the reason, the Finnish territories taken by the Russians are still largely a land without a people.—*European Service*



The Spring Term Schedule of B.B.C. Broadcasts to Schools begins in the Home Services on January 12. The broadcasts are planned for primary schools, primary and secondary, and secondary schools, with additional programmes for schools in Scotland and Wales. Illustrated pamphlets are available for the following programmes, and are obtainable, price 6d. post free (unless otherwise stated), from: Circulation Manager, B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1: *Adventures in Music and Orchestral Concerts*; *Singing Together and Rhythm and Melody*; *Time and Tune*; *Geography*; *Early Stages in French*; *Intermediate French*; *French for Sixth Forms*; *Intermediate German*; *Nature Study* (9d. per copy); *Prayer Cards* (1s. 6d. a dozen); *Religion and Philosophy* (annual); *General Science*; *Travel Talks*; *Science and the Community*; *Stories from World History*; *Looking at Things* (2s.); *How Things Began*, Autumn and Spring Terms (£1 each); (Welsh Schools): *First Stages in Welsh*; *Ar Grwydr yng Nghymru* (annual); *Second Stages in Welsh*; *Hanes Cymru* (annual); *The Story of Wales* (annual); (Scottish Schools): *Exploring Scotland*; *This is My Country*.

The Contemplative Way

By DOM COLUMBA CARY-ELWES, O.S.B.

AS an example of the way the thirst for contemplation can take hold of a man, let me take that of Charles de Foucauld. He was a typical Frenchman of the professional class at the beginning of this century. His religion, when he was a young man, sat lightly on his shoulders; and when he joined the army, his morals were no better than those of the majority of his class and set. But he became interested in the geography of Morocco and in its inhabitants; so he took to travelling through the country in disguise and giving learned lectures to learned societies in Paris on this his pet subject. Then he gave up his free and easy life. He wrote: 'As soon as I believed there was a God, I knew I could not do other than live only for Him'. First, he took himself off to a Trappist monastery in Syria, but even this was not poor and solitary enough for him. Then he lived in a lean-to at the gates of a Franciscan convent in Nazareth: this was not remote enough either; he wanted to be alone with God. So he withdrew to the desert of the Sahara: here he lived alone except for God and the surrounding people of Islam. He wished to be as one of them, as poor as they, working for them, dressed like them; wishing to be the most lowly on the earth.

Little Brothers of Charles de Foucauld

Before his death he had no following. But what happened? Today, there are Little Brothers of Charles de Foucauld in the New World as well as in the Old, from India to America. They live either in the Sahara among the Mohammedans or in industrial cities of the western world, as poor as their surroundings, not preaching but working and, above all, praying.

Perhaps the most significant element in this story is that Charles de Foucauld was moved to flight from the contemporary world into the arms of God by contact with Islam. 'The sight of the Moslem faith, of these souls', he wrote, 'living continuously in the presence of God, gave me a glimpse of something more vast, more real than worldly preoccupations'. What Charles de Foucauld was doing was strange to his own contemporaries, but natural in any other civilisation than our own post-Christian one.

Islam, which had fired him with desire for God, had its sufis, or contemplatives. India had produced two great contemplative ways of life—Hinduism and Buddhism. Buddhism spread throughout eastern Asia. All primitive societies had their seers, shamans, prophets, in touch with unseen powers, knowing by intuition. The leaders of the Jews were seers—Moses communing with God in the mountain, Elijah in the cave. In all this there is unity and diversity. God does not refuse his love to any who in sincerity seek him. It was this characteristic mark of man which has been cast out by western man or almost lost to sight for two centuries and more. It stares us in the face in the whole history of mankind.

What I mean by the phrase the contemplative way as used by the whole world is the way of life of those whose aim is to reach a deep and satisfying relationship with an absolute, not knowledge or love, but a relationship; not necessarily with the living God, nor even with the absolute; a deep and satisfying relationship with an absolute—that is a rough description of what I mean. On the other hand, mysticism and contemplation do not only mean that someone is trying to reach the goal but they both mean the actual experience. As St. Theresa of Avila in her forthright manner would tell you, many a man and woman enter the contemplative way but by no means all reach the goal in this life.

It will be part of my aim to take samples from some of the great traditions in order to show that there is both unity and diversity in mystical experience. On the other hand, I hope that the examples will show a pattern of relationship rather than contradiction. Each tradition has its own typical expression, the Hindu, the Buddhist, the Islamic, and the Christian. On the other hand, no single tradition has preserved intact a complete unity. For in this obscure art of prayer a man could easily mistake his way.

The most ancient is the Hindu tradition. The Upanishads, books compiled before the sixth century B.C., describe an extraordinary state

of affairs—forest dwellers, hermits, wild with enthusiasm, because they had discovered a great secret: a new way of escape from the endless round of birth, death, and rebirth. By delving deep into their personality they had come across the ultimate within. This they claimed was identical with the absolute without, the only reality, towards which all tended, from which all had come. They equated the Atman with the Brahman, the inward self with the transcendental being.

Take this sentence: 'Now if a man worships another deity, thinking the deity is one thing and he another, he does not know'. Or, 'He who dwells in all beings, and within all beings, whom all beings do not know, whose body all beings are, he is thy Self, the ruler within, the Immortal'. That is the theme throughout. They discovered the awareness of ontological being, the fact of existence. Later, with the Bhagavad-Gitâ, this intellectual exercise is modified by the idea of devotion and sometimes by the distinction between a God and Self. But the classical Hindu way is by simple awareness. This is a most important and interesting discovery they made but not that of the Islamic or Christian mystics. These would say that the Hindus had gone only half the journey, to the ground of all finite being.

India produced another tradition which, paradoxically, now exists not at all in India herself but is spread throughout Asia, from Ceylon to Tibet and from Burma to Japan. The Buddha, or the Enlightened One, founded primarily a monastic organisation, though towards the end of his life he admitted lay folk, very much on a lower plane. He taught a doctrine of deliverance precisely as the Upanishads did. But for him there was only one way—his. Yet today anyone who dared to define Buddhism as it is now, would be convicted of ignorance or folly, for the variations on the original theme are almost endless and even contradictory. Thanks to Pali, Tibetan, and Chinese texts, on which scholars have worked tirelessly, we can get back to something like the original teaching.

The aim of the Buddha was to free himself and all the world from the horror of birth and rebirth; it was an escape from this world of appearances and pain. In this he inherited the Indian theory of metempsychosis. His answer was to free men from desire, not all desires because the earliest texts make Nirvana out as a place of bliss. It was the desirable thing. Nirvana is not annihilation. The words applied to it in the earliest records are the reverse, e.g., deathless, ageless, stable, lasting, power, happiness, peace, bliss. One may ask what was the nature of Nirvana, in spite of Buddha's refusal to speak. It has been said that he left the throne of God empty. Would it be truer to say that he found God, but did not name him? Perhaps, but the position as he left it by refusing to say what he did mean by Nirvana has made it possible for his followers not to reach down further than simply the Ground of all being, the absolute of created being. Buddhism shares with all the other great traditions the conviction that the true happiness of man does not reside in the passing show, but in a beyond which Buddha did not even dare call an absolute.

Mohammed—Seer in the Ancient Tradition

Islam, the third great tradition, shares the monotheistic doctrine with Jewry and the religion of Christ. Mohammed did not repudiate altogether the religion of the Jew or of the Christian whom he met. Rather he aimed at a modification of Christianity by reducing it to an Old Testament level with Mohammed as the Prophet who had come with a final revelation. And whatever the jurist tradition of some of his followers might say, he, Mohammed, was a seer in the most ancient tradition. The Koran is the book of the seer. Consequently, those who founded the Sufist tradition could claim him as their founder. But, strangely enough, it was sometimes to Jesus that they appealed, as the master of holiness.

Islam is monotheistic. When, therefore, the Mohammedans who tried the way of contemplation sought 'within' for the absolute, naturally one would think they would find God, but not all did. Hallaj, the greatest of them all, who was crucified for his convictions, has given us an important analysis of the various things found in the

search. He seems to have been aware of the experience of the self, such as India had described. He had a name for it, *tafrid*—which is the awareness of the ultimate in oneself after one had scaled off everything else, like the snake peeling off its skin. But Hallaj says that the soul to reach its real goal *must* go beyond. In other words the soul must take a plunge outside itself into the unknown, make an act of faith. Hallaj describes two more states, the one in which the soul is separated from delight in the self, and another by which God unites the soul to Himself. In both these the soul is passive. Here the soul finds love. Finally, he goes on to say that suffering, far from being a thing to flee from, is the lever for raising the soul to God. 'The love of God for man consists in his undergoing his own punishment'.

The 'Veils' of Paradise and Hell

With Islam, too, love has come into its own, because here there is a dualism, though there is unity, also. There is a story of the mystic of Basra-Rabi'a:

One day several sufis met Rabi'a running and carrying fire in one hand and water in the other. They said to her, 'O Lady of the world to come, where are you going, and what is the meaning of this?' She replied, 'I am going to set fire to paradise and to drown hell with water, so that those two veils should completely vanish from before the eyes of the pilgrims, and so that their end or purpose be known to them, and God's servants see Him, without any motive for hope or fear. What would happen if the hope of paradise or the fear of hell did not exist? Alas, no one would want to adore his God or obey him'.

There speaks the mystic of pure love.

All the early history of Christendom is impregnated with contemplative prayer, from the thirty years of silence of Christ himself and his forty days and nights in the desert, to the three years of Paul in the desert before his apostolate, to the flood of contemplatives in the Thebaid in the fourth century. The west owes in good part its revival after the fall of the Roman Empire to the withdrawal of St. Benedict and to the schooling in prayer and work that all his thousands of disciples gave the lusty barbarians. The great Cistercian movement which in the twelfth century, as it were by accident, revived agriculture, was grounded in withdrawal and intense contemplative prayer. Did not St. Francis of Assisi spend nights praying but one prayer, 'My Lord and my God'? Europe was gemmed with monasteries where the chief occupation was the worship of God the Creator and God Incarnate. In England many of the great churches were monastic, and chiefly Benedictine: the royal Westminster Abbey; Durham, solemn in its ancient grandeur; Worcester, Selby, Ripon. Here in England the contemplative tradition was very strong. There is a certain sweet simplicity about, that joyousness of Dame Julian of Norwich, her love of Christ. She wrote 'I saw His sweet face as it were dry and bloodless with pale dying'. Up to 300 years ago the west had rested upon its contemplative institutions, saving it from sinking to the abyss. For the past 300 years it has sunk gradually into materialism.

The Christian contemplative tradition has a special character because it is based on a revealed dogmatic foundation. Its first principle is that the object of the search is not an impersonal being, but a Person, a personal God who became Man. The second principle is that we are so made as to be distinct from God, not to be absorbed into Him. From these two basic principles it follows that between us and God there is not unity but union. That union is so close that the Christian mystic will sometimes use language which seems to imply unity. The Christian mystic does not deny the presence of the self within, he affirms it, but in his longing he knows that there is another self beyond, distinct, who is not himself and to get whom he must abandon that first self, die to be born again with God. It is not within his power to be united with God. Only God can give it him. This was the whole purpose of the Incarnation.

A Great Tradition Revived

The great contemplative tradition almost died in the western world in the eighteenth century. How is it that it was almost destroyed, and how is it that it has revived? For revived it has. The destruction or neglect may be said to be due to many causes. The monks of the sixteenth century had to a great extent lost the spirit of their vocation. Not only Rabelais was critical, so was St. Thomas More. It was not unreasonable to sweep away a great number of monasteries, no longer fulfilling their purpose. Next, a new spirit was abroad, humanistic in the pagan sense, contrary to that of asceticism. Add to that Luther's contempt for works and reliance on faith alone; monks would seem to

the humanist an affront, to the Lutheran redundant. Thus religious houses, the home of contemplation, were either destroyed or put to other uses as in England, Holland, and parts of Germany; or their inmates lost their fervour. By the time of the French Revolution few had survived the Age of Reason unscathed.

But the French Revolution was the first symbolic warning to the west that all was not well with its self-assurance. Perhaps pure reason was not enough. A faint and timid religious revival began, and it gained momentum throughout the nineteenth century. First the woolly thinking of Chateaubriand and then the massive thunder of Newman and Lacordaire. 150 years ago, then, almost to the day, symbolically the contemplative life was restored to England when the Benedictines re-established themselves in a stable way of life at Ampleforth. That small beginning has had a remarkable development. There are now eight large Benedictine abbeys in Great Britain with approximately 600 monks, to say nothing of a number of smaller priories. The Carthusians, the most contemplative order of all, has its biggest monastery in the world in England at Parkminster. The Cistercians, who had strewn Europe with monasteries in the height of the Middle Ages, have two abbeys. There are Carmelites, brothers and sisters of St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa of Avila—and of the little Soeur Thérèse; Franciscans, Dominicans, Poor Clares.

Best-Selling Trappist Monk

This enthusiasm for the contemplative life has not only seized our communion, but there are also Anglicans who have taken for their guide the Rule of St. Benedict, others the Rule of St. Francis. Mirfield and Cowley are indigenous growths, representing an austere contemplative tradition. The Protestants in Scotland have their community at Iona, the island of St. Columba. Britain is not peculiar in this. The same phenomenon is manifest in almost all the countries of the western world, and most significant of all in America—scientific, efficient, and activist America. The interest of the case of Thomas Merton is not merely that of a writer becoming a Trappist monk, but the fact that the works of this monk are proving best-sellers. The Abbot of his abbey can scarcely build monasteries quickly enough to provide room for those flocking to the contemplative way. The Carthusians are also starting over there. Perhaps one can explain how it is that, after the almost extinction of this most important element of life in the west, we have had in this most materialistic age a notable revival. The very materialism of the age is the most potent cause of all.

The revulsion began in the Age of Reason itself. There were false starts with the nature-mysticism of Rousseau; and the dilettante reconstruction of a pseudo-ruined abbey by Beckford at Fonthill, the ornamental hermits at the end of the rich men's gardens of the eighteenth century; the mystique of Romanticism. But the religious movement during the eighteenth century, the Age of Reason, which goes by the name of enthusiasm, and has received more than its share of abuse, was really the spontaneous reaction of the human soul parched for the things of God. Wesley, the great Wesley, is but the most outstanding figure in this movement. And we might even say that the first break in the cloud of rationalism was John Wesley and all he stood for. We may lament the absence of restraint, particularly among some of his followers, but it remains true that he preached direct intercourse with God. It was not only among his followers that extravagances occurred. We should remember the school of prophets, those French youths who were being trained in the prophetic spirit, or those weird dancing rites in the Paris graveyard in the same sober eighteenth century. The nineteenth century witnessed in France the restoration of Benedictine life under Guéranger, and similar movements in Germany and Italy. It has been in the twentieth century that the movement has acquired momentum. This is because twentieth-century man has seen the abyss towards which he is flying. Two major wars fought over the face of the earth, the flower of the youth of the great countries of the world killed, numbers maimed, many disillusioned with efficiency and material progress—all these have been factors to make men turn to deeper things, to God. Like St. Benedict, they are leaving the cities and putting first things first; they are seeking God, and please God and by His Mercy they will find Him.

—Third Programme

Eleven lectures on the sixteenth century are to be given by distinguished historians in the National Portrait Gallery on Saturday afternoons during the winter. The first lecture, by Miss Gladys Scott Thomson on Henry VII, will be delivered on January 17. The lectures are to begin at 3.15 p.m.

The Crown and the Prime Minister

By E. T. WILLIAMS

THE English political habit has not normally been to abolish institutions so much as to continue to use them, after their salad days, for something different, usually something politically less important. The amiable custom of 'kicking a man upstairs' is not restricted to men. It applies, also, to institutions which have seen hard service and have become too inelastic, are past their heyday. From the effective they are transmuted into the ornamental. Their status may remain apparently unchanged, although their function is in fact declining. The break, therefore, is rarely to be noticed as a clean one—usually one sees it at a half-way stage (or, if one notices it at all, probably past the half-way stage): no longer fully effective, not yet wholly ornamental—the present-day House of Lords, for instance, or, if that is too political an example, the Privy Council.

Influence of the Throne

Getting on for a century ago now, one observer, Walter Bagehot, drew a distinction between the dignified and the business functions of the English monarchy. It might be implied, perhaps, that the one would steadily replace the other altogether; that we should arrive, eventually, at a clear-cut division of labour, the monarch as the dignified head of the state, the prime minister handling the business end of things. And in practice, of course, it works out like that, but not quite like that, for distinctions of this sort, in politics, can be too neat to be true. When King George V, as Duke of York, came to write a *précis* of Walter Bagehot's arguments, he noted that his grandmother, 'the Queen, nevertheless retains an immense unexhausted influence which goes some way to compensate for the formal powers which have been lost; this influence can be exercised in various ways: (a) in the formation of ministries; especially in choosing between the statesmen who have a claim to lead party, (b) during the continuance of ministries. The Crown possesses first the right to be consulted, second the right to encourage, and third the right to warn. And these rights may lead to a very important influence on the course of politics, especially as under a system of party government, the monarch alone possesses a continuous political experience'.

Whereas the Duke of York could reconcile himself to these changes in the last years of his grandmother's reign, it is very doubtful whether the Queen herself ever read Walter Bagehot, and even more doubtful whether she would have agreed with him. She would not, she said firmly, become 'the Sovereign of a democratic monarchy'. Even so, by the end of her reign she very nearly was. And if she resisted the idea, she still could not stop its growth—which is some measure of the loss of royal power that was taking place. Yet, if she kicked against the democratic pricks, that is not to say that she was unconstitutional. It is in my view exceptionally difficult to say what is constitutional and what is not. For all constitutional authorities are always either out of date or partake necessarily of contemporary political opinion; usually both: for what is an unwritten constitution but past politics being changed by present politics? It is tempting to assert, therefore, that what somebody gets away with politically is perforce constitutional. Hence the assertion that constitutional history is the most snobbish form of history: for it deals only with successes.

The successes were not to be the Queen's. As we look back today we notice that, in terms of political power, she got away with very little. Consultation she insisted upon, whoever was in power—and over the most trivial detail. It took up a powerful lot of time, especially Gladstone's time, but I venture to doubt whether it made a powerful lot of difference—politically, anyway. It postponed an occasional evil day, it certainly hampered an occasional career. Sometimes, of course, that 'continuous political experience' was invaluable: I can think at once of three good instances when the Queen's imperious common sense stopped a nonsense or broke a log-jam. In other instances one is reminded of the story of Mr. Gladstone in Cabinet. 'Gentlemen, a letter from Her Majesty', he would announce. He would read it. There followed a brief, reverent silence. 'And now, gentlemen', he would

continue as he returned the royal letter to his pocket, 'to business'.

Of those other two rights, to encourage and to warn, it would surely not be unfair to say that, on the whole, the Queen encouraged the Conservatives and warned the Liberals. Paradoxically enough, her major contribution lay in relation to the dignified functions of the Crown which she was accused of neglecting, rather than to the business side which perhaps she did not neglect enough: Queen Victoria made the English monarchy respectable, and thereby guaranteed its continuance (a point by no means certain when she came to the throne). When she had come to the throne the Court was the centre of politics, but it was not the centre of society, for the great houses looked, if not down on, at least askance at, the palace. When her son came to the throne the position was reversed: no longer the centre of politics, the Court was now the centre of society. King Edward VII had neither his mother's hoarded experience nor her capacity for hard work with official documents. Moreover, his long annual stays abroad made it impossible to consult him in the detail she had insisted upon. If he tended to visualise political parties a little, as I fancy, in terms of the Gentlemen versus Players match, with the Tories as the Gentlemen, the Liberals as the Players, it was perhaps not unfortunate that he disliked Balfour, the captain of the Gentlemen, and got on readily enough with Campbell-Bannerman, the captain of the Players. 'So far as I remember', said Balfour, 'he never made an important suggestion of any sort on large questions of policy'.

But suppose the Players wanted the rules altered and the Gentlemen would not be little gentlemen about it? What happened to the umpire? Who was the umpire, anyway? I have already outlined the formula by which the monarchy was moving noiselessly as if on unseen but constitutional castors, from the businesslike to the dignified, out of politics into pageantry, from the effective to the symbolic. The formula, it was clear, did not quite fit. The man upstairs, if you will allow the term, had sometimes to be brought downstairs again—into the hubbub. Even if every effort was made to see that they were the backstairs: backstairs now delightfully recarpeted for our benefit by Mr. Harold Nicolson, in his life of King George V.

King George V's 'Gift for Conciliation'

It is exceedingly difficult to talk about kings and keep the common touch—to analyse the role of modern monarchy in this country is to run the risk of sounding like either a sceptic or a flunkey: and one envies Mr. Nicolson his capacity to sound like neither, but only like Mr. Nicolson. Let me quote him:

King George V hated strife even as he distrusted innovation . . . Only those who were closest to him realised that he also possessed, and continuously exercised, a remarkable gift for conciliation . . . The pages of his diary, the letters and memoranda preserved in the Royal Archives reveal the persistence, the vigilance, often the ingenuity with which he pursued his aim of mitigating strife; unflinching and assiduously he strove to create good blood.

Further, the King had 'a remarkable faculty for rejecting bad advice'. Very early in his reign he began to feel his way—in one of those 'zones of uncertainty' which, Mr. Nicolson reminds us, an unwritten constitution inevitably contains—towards what became his favoured practice: to lower the political temperature by the holding of a conference of responsible party leaders at which they would not have to make speeches to energise their back benchers or to hearten their constituents. It was a practice which, if overdone, might have put the normal processes of party politics and parliamentary government to strain: or involved the Crown in them. One cannot help feeling that the King, although he was aware (unlike his grandmother) that party was the expected norm, had a sort of atavistic wish that it was not: not that he wanted to increase his own power, although he did not like losing it, so much as because he still felt that if only statesmen would get together and talk it out, a satisfactory solution would emerge. Matters would be shipshape. 'Would it not be better', he asked Asquith in 1913, 'to

(continued on page 22)

NEWS DIARY

December 23-30

Tuesday, December 23

M. Pinay, French Prime Minister, resigns

Twenty-four people, including eleven Britons, officially reported to have been killed in a bus overwhelmed by an avalanche in Austria

Passengers and crew of French liner *Champollion* wrecked near Beirut taken off after eighteen had been drowned in heavy seas

Wednesday, December 24

The Pope, in his Christmas message, warns against allowing society to become an inhuman machine crushing the individual

Eleven persons murdered by Mau Mau in Kenya

Thursday, December 25

H.M. the Queen makes her first Christmas broadcast (see page 11)

Mr. Stalin replies to four questions on the world situation sent to him by Washington correspondent of *The New York Times*

French commandant in Berlin protests to Soviet authorities over shooting of a west Berlin policeman by Russian soldiers

Friday, December 26

The Queen to make her Christmas broadcast in 1953 from Auckland during her tour of New Zealand and Australia

The Prime Minister to visit New York early next month for talks with General Eisenhower, U.S. President-elect, and President Truman

Saturday, December 27

Ten Malays killed by terrorists in Johore

Fog interrupts transport in many areas; eleven League football matches postponed

Sunday, December 28

M. Soustelle, French Gaullist leader, fails to form government: M. Bidault is invited by President to try to do so

Two hundred United Nations aircraft bomb supply centre near Pyongyang

Soviet authorities in Berlin accept French proposal for joint investigation into shooting of west Berlin policeman on Christmas Day

Monday, December 29

'Super-priority' to be given to three types of civil aircraft and two bombers

Kenya police exonerated for shooting of suspected Mau Mau leaders

Tuesday, December 30

Mr. Churchill presides over meeting of Cabinet before leaving for the United States

The Pope condemns persecution of Catholics in eastern countries



The wintry landscape of the Korean battlefield: a photograph taken from the air showing the rugged territory in which the fighting is taking place



Britain's latest four-jet bomber, the *Handley Page 80*, which made its maiden flight on Christmas Eve. It is the first in the world to have crescent-shaped wings, which will enable it to fly at supersonic speed at great heights and still be controllable at low speeds near the ground



A scene from Act II of the new production of '*Le Lac des Cygnes*' at Covent Garden. In this performance Beryl Grey is seen as Odette and John Field as Prince Siegfried. The décor has been designed by Leslie Hurry



A gift to Edinburgh: the Christmas tree which was presented to the capital by the St. Andrew's Society of Copenhagen, illuminated after dark. In the background, Whitehall, Piccadilly and the Scott Monument can be seen in the background. The Christmas tree in London's Trafalgar Square was a Norwegian gift—presented by the people of Oslo



An audience at the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, London, on January 1, watching Dr. Sherwood Taylor, Director of the Science Museum, operating Hero's engine to them during the first of this year's Christmas lectures for children. The subject of the course is 'How Science Has Grown'



A new purchase by the National Trust: Yew Tree Tarn, Coniston, Lancashire, a nineteen-acre artificial lake in a beautiful setting. Behind the tarn rises Holme Fell



Spring flowers in the Scilly Islands: gathering narcissi during the Christmas holiday on a farm at St. Mary's



One of the designs for the Royal Borough of Kensington's Coronation decorations: a royal canopy which it is proposed to erect over Kensington Road at Palace Gate

(continued from page 19)

try to settle matters involving great changes in the constitution such as Home Rule all round, Reform of the House of Lords, etc., not on party lines but by agreement? One may well doubt whether parties would have been happy to be left with the small change of political life. It was easier for a king than for a party leader to develop a cross-bench mind; and the King was happiest, one cannot but fancy (as no real party leader can be), with a coalition: like his grandmother. And it is worth noting that for nearly half his reign there were coalitions, that all five of his prime ministers served in coalition governments. There was something peculiarly satisfying to the King, one feels, about the National Government of 1931; it was, if you will, his apotheosis.

A Cosy Broadcast and Lukewarm Politics

The King felt most at home, it seems evident, with those of his Prime Ministers with less of a combative quality in their nature; Asquith, for whom the King 'retained a high if watchful esteem', and especially Baldwin and Ramsay MacDonald, each of whom gave the impression at times that he liked the party opposite better than his own: had something of a cross-bench mind too. Did not Baldwin once wish himself, in a cosy broadcast, if he were not the Conservative leader, the leader of those 'people who do not belong to any party'? The King also preferred his politics lukewarm: which is not, incidentally, how he liked his soup.

Must the King accept his prime minister's advice? In the first serious test-case that advice (from Asquith) was to make a conditional and secret promise (which the King resented) to use the prerogative to create peers in certain circumstances. The King eventually, with evident reluctance, agreed. The answer to the question seemed to be yes—unless he could find another prime minister who could gain electoral support. In which case, it would be all too easy for the Crown to become, in Asquith's words, 'the football of contending factions'. And King George V in his first few years (he was rescued, as it were, from constitutional history by the invasion of Belgium) fought a private battle with his prejudices, with his dislike of 'loose ends' from which he emerged with a method, one might almost call it a technique, of constitutional behaviour. He realised soon enough that each time the monarch has to choose a prime minister (when the decision is not a foregone political conclusion already, and he has in fact a real choice) he runs the risk of being involved in party politics. What happens then to his impartiality, the very neutrality which gives strength to his other three, and much more informal, 'rights'—consultation, encouragement, warning? Nevertheless, 'it is still the monarch', Mr. Amery assures us in his *Thoughts on the Constitution* 'who selects the individual who is likely to make the most effective prime minister'. Usually the choice is obvious: it is provided by the electorate, it derives from party politics. But each time the monarch has alternatives he runs a risk; for the option is politics. Or to put it another way: each successful political intervention by the Crown, in my view, makes the next one harder, less likely to be successful. The more the business function is stressed, the more the dignified one is strained. It is some measure of the tact of King George V that when he had to make a choice of this sort, it proved so acceptable. I wonder why?

There were several reasons, I think. By good fortune the occasion did not arise until he had found his feet and made his mark. I do not think that the King ever toyed for long with the idea of finding an alternative prime minister for himself. Secondly, the other 'business' attributes (consultation, encouragement, warning) he came to utilise with such discretion, forbearance, and conciliation that those in high places knew him to be absolutely straight, indeed strait-laced, in his constitutional behaviour as in everything else. So they had utter confidence in his decision on the rare occasions when it rested with him and he simply had to choose. And then again—and this could only be a later development, born of the war and enlarged by the broadcasting medium, of which he became a master—he was a monarch unique in this country in that so many of his subjects had seen him and even more had heard him. So that they felt they knew what he was like: he seemed a good umpire. Accordingly, his devotion to, yes, his enlargement of, the dignified functions of the monarchy enabled him the more readily to exercise the business functions when need be.

Further, when he had to make a choice, it was not without considerable political consultation, especially with Lord Stamfordham, his invaluable private secretary, whose judgment would seem to have

mellowed with his own. In 1923 (when Bonar Law had to retire) the King's choice of Baldwin as Prime Minister rather than Curzon was, of course, his own: but Mr. Amery has made it known that the King had received plenty of clear indications that Baldwin would be more acceptable to the party in power. The King's choice in a sense then derived from party; nevertheless in the end, of course, it rested with him. It was his decision. And later, when he summoned Ramsay MacDonald as the first Labour Prime Minister, the King had again taken soundings and knew that the Liberals would at least start by giving the Labour Party the conditional support it needed for a majority in the House. Yet, again, it was the King's own decision in the light of his political knowledge and he did not ask the retiring Prime Minister's opinion. In 1931, the more controversial case, the King was returning to his favourite hope that, given a room, a table, and goodwill, responsible party leaders would emerge with a decision ready made for him: and that therefore when he took it, it would prove acceptable. The summons of the three party leaders to confer together at the palace came, however, not on his own initiative but on the Prime Minister's advice. Nevertheless, the King evidently played a great part in getting the men together and was the early architect of the coalition: holding Ramsay MacDonald, who wanted to resign, and making it the more difficult therefore for Baldwin to do other than serve under him. It was necessary to sit on the throne quite a while before the King could be as surefooted as he had become by 1931.

As well as the choice of prime minister—not always an open-and-shut decision, as you will have gathered—there were two other prerogative rights, the use of which came into dispute in King George V's reign. Peerage creations I have already mentioned: in relation to what became the Parliament Act of 1911—but those creations, of course, were contemplated in order that men might render a particular political service, whereas a more regular issue concerned those to be granted titles 'for political services rendered'. The King protested unsuccessfully about an instance in 1916 and again, more sharply, in 1922, and he made it clear to the incoming Government in 1924 that he 'hoped that a firm hand would be kept on the distribution of honours'. 'There are many instances', says Mr. Nicolson, 'when the King protested, often in vain, against the abuses of the system. The number of times when a prime minister was deterred, for fear of royal displeasure, from submitting a really disgraceful name remains unrecorded. . . . In submitting . . . names, ministers did not always accord to the King the same suave frankness as they showed when dealing with their other encroachments on the prerogative. It may have been shame that dimmed their candour'.

Another aspect of the prerogative is the right to dissolve parliament. Could the King refuse a dissolution, and thus a new appeal to the electorate, to a prime minister who asked for it? Only, he was told as early as 1916, if he could find another prime minister—and that was a decision he had already abjured. Instead, he made his prime minister wrestle for it, forced him, so to speak, to force the decision upon him: in 1918 reluctantly granting dissolution to Lloyd George; again in 1923 agreeing only when Baldwin assured him that he had already committed himself, and shortly afterwards acceding to Ramsay MacDonald's request, despite the very recent general election, because the King felt he could scarcely fail to grant to the Labour Government what he had already granted to their opponents.

What emerges from all this, then, is that in a dispute over the use of the prerogative, between King and prime minister, the prime minister, if he presses the point, will in the end almost invariably get his own way: in a political question, that is. I am aware that Mr. Churchill did not put to sea on D-Day.

Lloyd George's Blot

Shorn, in the long run, of effective control over the major prerogatives, his powers, King George V came to insist perhaps the more upon his influence—upon consultation, encouragement, and warning. He had begun by feeling sometimes insufficiently consulted—in the spring and summer of 1913 by Asquith, for example, who seemed at that period the only man in England *not* proffering advice to his sovereign. I have some doubt, too, whether Lloyd George consulted the King to any extent, except when he wanted something out of him. It was a question not only of temperament but of circumstance. The fairly clear peace-time division of labour between monarch and prime minister was necessarily sharpened by war—the monarch thrust into an immensely increased number of 'dignified' duties, the prime minister less likely to feel the need for royal advice; preferring to inform rather

than to consult; getting on with, indeed monopolising, the business side of the relationship; and—one feels—telling the monarch afterwards. One of the illustrations in Mr. Nicolson's book (the facsimile of a letter) makes the point symbolically, gives one a hint of that war-time relationship. In Lloyd George's note to the King announcing that the peace treaty has been signed, the Prime Minister has scratched out a word and left a blot. Other prime ministers, one fancies, would have rewritten the letter. The faults in the relationship, if faults there were, were not all on one side. I am not happy, for example, about the interchanges between the King and Haig behind the Prime Minister's back, recently revealed in the *Haig Diaries*. Yet when Lloyd George came to retire, the King wrote in his private journal: 'I am sorry he is going but some day he will be Prime Minister again'.

As time went on, that 'continuous political experience', to which the King's youthful *précis* had referred, became his own: and a source well worth tapping. His right to be consulted became the more frequently observed as he became so very well worth consulting. As he grew older, perhaps he also grew a little fond of being consulted, and 'was apt to explain to ministers in considerable detail', says Mr. Nicolson, 'the work of their own departments. It was sometimes only at the end of His Majesty's monologue that ministers were able, if courageous, to insert a few words of their own edgeways'.

Nevertheless, his capacity for homespun advice was increasingly appreciated: especially by Ramsay MacDonald, who seemed perhaps to prefer consulting his sovereign to consulting his colleagues. But alas, the King, so quick to put his prime ministers at their ease, continued that congenial Hanoverian habit of being unable to get on to terms with his heir.

For encouragement when times were grave or spirits were flagging, King George V seems to have had a special gift: most notably perhaps in the war or throughout the Irish Conference in 1921: or especially with the first Labour Government; and again in the General Strike. With the encouragement often went shrewd warning, a practice he used rather generously: with Asquith, whom he felt to be drifting over the Irish question and, as he said, 'taking me with him'. I like the following passage in the middle of a long memorandum by Lord Stamfordham in December 1916: 'The King now called the attention of the meeting to the fact that although the matter had been fully discussed, no decision had been come to'. This is not the only instance which Mr. Nicolson brings to our notice when the King's 'candour . . . shamed the stratagems of more elaborate minds'. One notices the King watering down Lloyd George's peremptory note to the Irish, or warning Ramsay MacDonald against becoming Foreign Secretary as well as

Prime Minister, a decision with an ultimate political significance. The King was evidently more actively disquieted by the unemployment figures or later by the German rearmament figures than Baldwin, his 'sedative' Prime Minister, would appear to have been. The King worked hard, and his diligence with the state papers was noticeably in contrast with that particular Prime Minister's. Little, indeed, escaped his assiduous attention, and not every minister can have enjoyed being kept up to the mark, especially since it was a mark, like the King's clothes, impeccable in the style of 'the fashion before last'.

The accession of a more modern monarch as King Edward VIII presented King George's Prime Minister with a new problem. The father had shown, after a difficult start, how to exercise the business functions of the Crown, revealing, especially as a mediator, how the emergency power, the backstop in the constitution, might be acceptably, indeed valuably, employed by the residuary legatee, its ultimate guardian. King Edward VIII, on the other hand, was to focus attention on the dignified functions of the monarchy, which one might well have supposed until then, of the two aspects of constitutional monarchy I have mentioned, to be much the less likely to arouse discussion or controversy. The boot was unexpectedly on the other foot. It was now the Prime Minister who had to ask to be consulted, to encourage a different notion, and to warn. It was evident that King Edward VIII could carry out his proposed marriage and remain King only if he could find another prime minister; and there was nobody willing to serve who could expect to command a majority in the House. In general, it would seem clear from his book, *A King's Story*, that he proposed to abdicate if he did not have his own way, and from Mr. Young's book on Baldwin that the Prime Minister, while adamant against the King's having his own way, did not wish him to abdicate.

I think, if you will, that Baldwin was determined to keep the monarchy what King George V and the times through which he lived had helped to make it; and the electorate, which could scarcely be consulted in such an issue—formally, at all events—made it evident in their subsequent attitude to King George VI that they liked their monarchy that way: not caring (because not knowing, one supposes), a great deal about the business functions of monarchy, but having pretty clear sentiments about the dignified ones: in the provinces, anyway. Twenty-five years of the reign of King George V had set a pattern not readily to be altered. And Baldwin, as we see him in Mr. Young's book, a highly strung combination of impulsiveness and indolence, was wont to flatter himself that his worst enemy could not say that he did not 'understand the people of England'. On this occasion I fancy he was right. There was something to be said for 'the fashion before last'.

—Home Service

The Mayor Unrolls his Mat

By SYDNEY D. BAILEY

THE Mayor of Pingshan was like a Plantagenet monarch. He made the law, he administered the law, he judged those he accused of law-breaking, and he punished them when he had found them guilty. My official relations with him were always slightly strained. He held that ignorance of the law—even the local law of Pingshan—is no excuse. It was not that I was a common criminal. It was just that almost everything I did seemed to be subject to a special tax, and it was a firm principle at my headquarters never to send me any money. But, as far as our personal and unofficial relations were concerned, we were the best of friends. Every Saturday evening, the Mayor and Dr. Wang and Air Marshal Chang and I used to play mah-jong. We used to play for love, as we say in English—though it sounds absurd in Chinese.

The Mayor was deeply versed in the Chinese classics. He had come to the conclusion that western thought is largely derived from the writings of early Chinese sages. So, whatever the subject of discussion, the Mayor was always ready with an apt quotation which showed that, centuries before anyone else had thought of the idea, some Chinese philosopher had made exactly that point. Moreover, he had expressed it a good deal better. The Mayor used that condescendingly humble manner which conveys contempt without transgressing the formal bounds of courtesy.

His conversion to Christianity had been a nine days' wonder. For many years he had made life as difficult as possible for the tiny Christian community of Pingshan. He was always doing things like billeting soldiers in the chapel, or levying a municipal customs duty on the import of Bibles. He once imposed a special rate on all buildings used for religious purposes—excluding Chinese religions, of course. His conversion made curiously little difference. His Christianity was supplementary to his other beliefs rather than a renunciation of them. He became a keen student of theology. Sometimes he would visit me to talk over some point of dogma. I remember once, after we had discussed the Doctrine of Original Sin at some length, he remarked: 'I feel humbled at the thought that I belong to a race which has contributed so much to human knowledge. For was it not Hsun-tze who, three centuries before the Christian era, propounded for the first time the theory that man's nature is evil'.

His conversion was quickly followed by his second marriage. His first wife—Old Number One, as we came to call her—was a toothless hag with a remarkable command of Chinese invective. Old Number Two was a strikingly handsome young lady, some thirty years the Mayor's junior, an active church-worker. His betrothal to Old Number Two was the subject of a prolonged and bitter dispute between the Mayor and Pastor Chen. The Mayor insisted that as he

had embraced a new religion, it would be appropriate also to embrace a new wife. But the new wife, like the new religion, was to be supplementary to his old one. In the end, it was the Mayor's dialectical skill in citing Old Testament precedents which finally wore down Pastor Chen's opposition.

Official Holidays as Holidays for Officials

His wedding was magnificent. The Mayor declared a public holiday and let it be known that the citizens of Pingshan could demonstrate their loyalty to their civic head by presenting wedding gifts to him and his bride. The trouble was that diversions of this kind came only too often: we were always celebrating one or other of the seemingly countless national holidays which a benevolent government had ordained should be observed by public servants. Apart from the birthdays of Confucius and Sun Yat-sen, we observed National Spiritual Mobilisation Day, Martyrs' Day, Opium Suppression Day, Physical Culture Day (which, as it happened, fell on my own birthday), Mukden Outrage Day, and National Renaissance Day. The procedure for these official holidays was always the same. We assembled at 6 a.m. at the military parade ground. A bugle would sound, and we would sing the glories of the Three Principles of the People. Then the Mayor would commend to us the virtues of National Spiritual Mobilisation (or Martyrdom, or Opium Suppression, or whatever it was), and with three bows to the Portrait of Sun Yat-sen the ceremony was over. Because it was an official holiday, all government offices would be closed, and the only people who did any work would be the farmers, the merchants, the shopkeepers, the police, the soldiers, the school-teachers, the doctors, and the nurses, and the housewives—everyone, in fact, except government officials. I used to work, too, but the Mayor thought this exceedingly eccentric, if not actually subversive.

Air Defence Day, which fell on November 21, was the anniversary of the Mayor's birth. He feasted the village notables, and gained a good deal of face when, as a climax to the meal, Air Marshal Chang conferred on him an honorary squadron leadership. When the feast was over the Mayor took me on one side. He informed me that he had reached a momentous decision. As the civic head of Pingshan had embraced the Christian religion, it was, he said, only fitting that Pingshan should celebrate Christmas Day. There was one point of detail on which he wished to consult me. Was he correct in thinking that Christmas Day fell exactly a week before New Year's day? I confirmed that this was so. 'I should be honoured if you would convey this information to Pastor Chen', he told me. 'Please inform him that we shall celebrate Christmas Day, in accordance with traditional practice, on January 22'.

Few foreigners can express complicated ideas in Chinese, still less can they do so in the courteous language that is appropriate between scholars and gentlemen. But I had hit on a linguistic device which served well on occasions like this: whenever I spoke about myself, or anything of which I was particularly proud, I prefaced the noun with the adjective 'unworthy'; and whenever I referred to anyone else, or to anything I despised, I added the word 'Honourable'. 'It would indeed be improper for an unworthy foreigner', I said to the Mayor, 'to presume to dictate to a most honourable Chinese Mayor, but I think I should mention that in my unworthy country we celebrate Christmas on December 25'. This piece of information evidently mystified him. 'The ways of foreigners are indeed puzzling. I understood you to say that Christmas Day was always celebrated a week before New Year's Day. As our New Year begins in the last week in January or early in February, depending on the position of the celestial bodies, I do not follow why you celebrate Christmas in December'.

I conceded everything. I agreed that it would be perfectly proper in accordance with tradition to celebrate Christmas on January 22. The next day a Proclamation was posted on the four gates leading into Pingshan. This is what it said:

The Mayor of Pingshan, as is universally known, is now a Christian. It is accordingly decreed that the inhabitants of Pingshan, both Chinese and outsiders, will celebrate Christmas Day on January 22 next. Traditional practices will be observed, and it will be quite proper for the inhabitants of Pingshan, both Chinese and outsiders, to give presents to the Mayor. On the said Christmas Day there will be a special ceremony on the parade ground at 6 a.m. and a firework display at 6 p.m.

My advice was now much sought after. I explained to all and sundry how we celebrated Christmas at home—cards, carols, cakes, mistletoe and holly, yule logs and spruce trees. I felt more important than at any time since I had arrived in Pingshan. At last something was going

to happen about which I was the acknowledged expert. The Mayor visited me almost daily to discuss plans. When I told him about carols, he said: 'That custom is doubtless based on the words of Confucius, the Master. You will be familiar with his aphorism "Character is formed by poetry, improved by music, and perfected by the rules of right conduct"'.

The Mayor was greatly intrigued by my description of Father Christmas. I had encountered some difficulty in translating 'Father Christmas' into Chinese, and in the end I had to be content with a transcription of the sound rather than the meaning—*San-ta Ke-lau-tze*. The Mayor emphasised that the western world had borrowed the idea of Father Christmas from certain primitive Chinese customs, and he was visibly annoyed when I suggested that the idea had originated in Lithuania. It happened the Mayor had never heard of Lithuania.

There was a bitter wind on Christmas Day, and I was not inspired by the Christmas spirit as I walked breakfastless to the parade ground for the early morning ceremony. I met Doctor Wang and Air Marshal Chang in the cobbled street and walked along with them. At six o'clock the bugle sounded and we sang, without enthusiasm, of those Three Principles of the People which the Father of the Republic had commended. As we wailed the last line, I thought I noticed Air Marshal Chang wink at me. I had never seen a Chinese wink before, and I wondered if it had been just an involuntary movement of the eyelid. But a moment later he quite unmistakably winked again, directing his eyes to a corner of the parade ground where a platform stood. I looked in that direction, and at once understood what he was getting at. The Mayor was climbing up the steps to the platform, dressed in the garb of Father Christmas. He might have walked out of the Christmas Fair of a London store except that his beard was jet black and rather wispy. He solemnly unrolled a mat on which was embroidered a Christmas tree, rather like a Chinese bamboo, surrounded by holly and mistletoe. He stepped on to the mat, and prepared to deliver an oration.

It is often on the most solemn occasions that one feels an irresistible urge to giggle. This was one of those occasions. I was soon joined by Air Marshal Chang and Dr. Wang, and it was not long before we were all of us laughing helplessly. As you can imagine, I was pretty worried by this disrespectful demonstration, for I imagined that the Mayor would blame me if he thought his plans had miscarried. But he gave no sign of displeasure; in fact, he looked as if he thought our laughter a particularly appropriate response to his somewhat unexpected appearance, which indeed it was. When the noise had subsided, he began to deliver his speech. He paid his formal tribute to the Father of the Republic and to his Three Principles, and to China's allies. He thanked the residents of Pingshan for their generosity in having sent him so many valuable presents. He assured us that he was unworthy to receive these manifestations of affection and loyalty (I agreed with him about this). The Mayor then reminded us that he had recently embraced the westerners' religion, and that was why we were celebrating Christmas in this way. Father Christmas, he explained, was originally a Chinese sage who had gone to Europe, taking the wisdom of the ancients to the under-privileged peoples of the west. He had been arrested in London on a trumped-up charge of trying to blow up the Houses of Parliament, and had been executed. The anniversary of his death was thereafter commemorated by the explosion of fireworks, especially crackers. This incident formed the plot of Shakespeare's well-known play 'A Christmas Carol'.

The Correct Procedure for Easter Eggs

The Mayor was evidently enjoying showing off his erudition, and the assembled company was certainly impressed—and who would blame them? It was at this point that the Mayor directed his gaze towards me. Would the honourable foreigner care to deliver a Christmas message, he asked. I mounted the platform reluctantly and bowed solemnly to the Mayor. I congratulated the citizens of Pingshan on having such a well-informed Mayor. The people of my unworthy country, I said, would have been astonished at his learning. The trouble in the west was that we had failed to relate items of knowledge to each other so as to produce a coherent explanation of events. Not so Pingshan's Mayor. It was not only that his knowledge was encyclopaedic; he saw the inner connection between facts. This greatly pleased the Mayor, and he announced that the ceremony was over. He carefully rolled up his mat, and as we descended from the platform he invited me to honour him with my presence for lunch so that we could discuss arrangements for Easter. He added that he particularly wished to know the correct procedure for giving Easter eggs to Mayors.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Public Schools and the Future

Sir,—Sir William Hamilton Fyfe is so obviously out of touch with state grammar schools that I hope you will allow me to reply to the assumption he made in his recent talk, that the virtues of independence are to be found only in the public schools.

I agree with his definition of independence, which was that the headmaster and staff should be free to experiment, and the headmaster free to appoint his own staff not solely for their scholastic ability. But these freedoms are jealously guarded in the grammar schools controlled by Hertfordshire County Council, and, I have no doubt, in other state schools elsewhere.

Furthermore, we get the best of both worlds, for not only have we these freedoms, but we are free from financial worries, which afflict many of the so-called independent schools, especially as they look into the future.

It is time to kill the idea that state schools are necessarily strangled by red tape, and while it is true that in some parts of the country the degree of control exercised by the administrators is a disgrace to the whole profession (and should be fought by the whole profession), here and elsewhere the freedom we enjoy is causing our schools to develop into those 'genuine living communities', of which Sir William spoke, and with a dynamic of our own, which in fact is sometimes lacking in the post-war public school.

Yours, etc.,

H. A. RÉE,
Headmaster

Watford Grammar School

Sir,—As a presentation of the problem as a whole, there was one fault in Sir William Hamilton Fyfe's talk (THE LISTENER, December 18): the omission of any reference to independent schools outside the public school category. May I be allowed to add to the picture by including the co-educational boarding schools? Not more than one or two are represented on the G.B.A. or the Headmasters' Conference, but they have an organisation of their own: the Co-educational Conference. I think it may fairly be said that these schools are more urgently in need of help than are the older public schools and can claim to be doing equally valuable educational work. However well-established they may appear they have nearly all been founded by people with more faith and energy than money, have no endowments and few resources with which to face an emergency. After the war there was an adventurous spirit abroad and the more progressive schools (residential co-education in England is still thought of as unusual and 'progressive') shared fully in the boom. In the more sombre conditions of today there is a swing towards what is regarded as established and 'safe'.

I would first underline Sir William's praise of independence. This has nothing to do with private enterprise in the economic field, but everything to do with the development of a sense of community and democratic responsibility. The great evil of large-scale organisation is that it inevitably takes away some of the sense of responsibility from the ordinary person, who in a crisis cannot help but say 'They'll solve it somehow'—they being the Government or those remotely controlling a business. In urban civilisation there is little to make a child feel that

anything really rests on his shoulders; there is no direct experience of the results of irresponsibility. But in an independent boarding school conditions can be such that a pupil feels some responsibility for every aspect of his daily life, and the effects of irresponsibility are immediately apparent. The recognition of responsibility and the sharing—not unhappily!—of the general burden, is a most important educational experience. My only experience of a public school was a very brief one under Sir William in the unusual school he describes, but from more general observation I would say that the co-educational boarding school has gone farther in this matter of responsibility than have most public schools, mainly because they are more recent foundations, still imbued with a pioneer spirit and without a great tradition to provide them with a false security.

Perhaps I might claim, too, that our schools have gone farther in establishing the classlessness that Sir William desires. In my own school twenty-five per cent. are wholly or partly supported by local authorities, some from very poor homes and some of them of very high ability, while a few come from the comfortably well-off and a good proportion from struggling professional and business people making heavy sacrifices to send their children to a school about whose principles they care deeply. I have hardly ever encountered a snobbish remark or action in this very mixed community.

I do not wish to divide the independent schools by over-praising my own category. There is little danger, however, that the latter will be saved while the public schools drown; the danger is more likely to be the other way round, for while the co-educational schools are educationally fully recognised, their social prestige is much less.

A further important point on the general question is this: if the independent schools are allowed to collapse, the state will have to create its own, to cope with the large and increasing number of children whose only salvation is in boarding school education. These will be more expensive to run, because in the independent schools teachers give an immense amount of time and energy to out-of-school activities and duties, without extra pay, precisely because they feel they are serving a unique community. In a state-run school such duties would, quite rightly, have to be paid for.

Yours, etc.,

Wennington School, KENNETH C. BARNES
Wetherby Headmaster

The World and the West

Sir,—May I, as one who has enjoyed Professor Toynbee's Reith Lectures enormously, and with all deference to his vast erudition, point out what seems to me a false (though admittedly quite small) example to which Professor Toynbee referred more than once by way of illustrating one of his principle themes? I refer to the case of the Mahdi, which Professor Toynbee, with his insistence on pigeon-holing and labelling everything in history to make it fit one way or another into the over-rationalised patterns he seeks to find (or impose?), kept adducing as an example of the rejection of the west by some parts of the world that came under its impact.

In point of fact, the Mahdi's movement had of slightly less than 385,000,000 (not Professor

nothing to do with the west, either in its inception or in its real purpose. It was a revolt of the Sudanese, led by a religious and national leader, against an *oriental* and a *Moslem* despotism (that of the Turco-Egyptian administration of the time) which had become too oppressive in mundane matters, and which, in religious matters, seemed to the puritanical Mohammed Ahmed to have departed from the fundamental principles of Islam. The fact that Gordon was sent to Khartoum in the final act (Britain having in the meantime occupied Egypt and assumed responsibility for the position in the Sudan) is an irrelevancy as far as Professor Toynbee's thesis is concerned.

The Mahdi fought Gordon not because he was rebelling against the west or rejecting western civilisation (both of which things he no doubt would have done, if the issues had been so presented to him) but because Gordon came as the representative of the Turco-Egyptian government in Cairo, whose unwelcome rule the Sudanese had decided to challenge. I do not, therefore think that Professor Toynbee is justified in adducing the Mahdi as one of the classic cases of hostile and violent reaction to the western impact. It is at least arguable that if an enlightened and progressive western administration had been established in the Sudan in 1820, and had ruled the country benevolently, albeit with the object of gradually westernising it, the Mahdi would have never acted in the manner he did but, like his son today, might have become a believer in intelligent westernisation.—Yours, etc.,

Send

EDWARD ATIYAH

Sir,—Does Professor Toynbee seriously contend that imperialism and what he calls 'our late modern institution of national states' are based on conceptions foreign to the east? The Emperor Chien Lung's reply to the letter addressed to him by our George III may suffice to dispose of that myth. Is it not fantastic to talk of this 'western institution' blazing 'a trail of persecution, eviction and massacre' as it has spread abroad into eastern Europe, south-west Asia, and India? What about the earlier progress of Asiatics of various origin, especially the Mongols, from east to west? Were they better justified, more gentle in their methods, or more beneficial in their results? Batu's proceedings in Europe for example.

Korea suffered invasion by the Mongols in the thirteenth and by the Japanese in the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries; China by the Mongols in the thirteenth, the Manchus in the seventeenth, the Russians and the Japanese in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Long before the arrival of Europeans, India was invaded successively by the Yue-chi, White Huns, Arabs, Afghans, Turks, Mongols and Persians, its earlier inhabitants being pushed further and further down the Peninsula. The British alone gave it unity, and Indians have cordially acknowledged the voluntary evacuation of their country as a unique example of generosity. They do not seem to have found the alien institutions they took over so unsuitable or harmful. Dr. Ambedkar and the people he represents surely have reason enough to be thankful for them. The census of 1941 showed a total population

Toynbee's 450,000,000), an increase of thirty-seven per cent. during the preceding forty years.

Methods of barbarism indeed! Did Europeans ever cause such devastation or inflict such miseries on the people as Mahmud of Ghazni, Timur Leng, or Nadir Shah to mention only three authors of oriental savagery?

As for Russia, whose unceasing expansion has made it both a western and an eastern power, though the population of its European territories is still preponderant, there is no accessible nation, particularly in Asia, that has not had good cause to fear its aggressive propensities. Professor Toynbee appears to have written with a modern map before him, forgetting that the enormous space she now occupies was by no means always hers. Even if it were allowable to describe the rival principalities of Great Novgorod, Kiev, Moscow, Pskov, Ryazan, Novgorod-Seversk, etc., as Russia, it was an Asiatic, not a European, horde that attacked and inflicted a terrible defeat on their temporary coalition in 1224, thereafter exacting regular tribute from them until a similar coalition led by Dmitri Donskoi achieved the victory of Kulikovo in 1380. 'Before the eastern menace had been entirely removed the ambitious Moscow princes had begun to cast envious eyes beyond the western frontier'. (Ency. Brit. v. 23, p. 895) 'Having thus freed themselves from Tatar control, the Moscow princes continued to carry out energetically the territorial policy of extending and consolidating their dominions at the expense of their less powerful relations'. (ibid. p. 893).

Which, then, were the western powers who took advantage of 'Russia's' prostration at that time to lop off what huge territories that were recaptured in 1945? To the west of Muscovy were kindred Slavs, who had spread over Europe as far as the Elbe and south of the Danube, the nearest being Poles, Lithuanians, and Letts. 'As the Muscovite and Lithuanian-Polish princes were equally ambitious and equally anxious to widen their borders they naturally came into conflict. At first the Muscovite was decidedly the aggressor'. (Ency. Brit. v. 23, p. 895). It was not until Constantinople had succumbed to the Turks in 1453 that Ivan III assumed the title of Tsar and was described in the Church service as 'the ruler and autocrat of all Russia'; not until 1547 that Ivan the Terrible had himself crowned as Tsar of all Russia, though his realm was a mere fragment of the modern state of that name. The Slavs generally were a quarrelsome and refractory race, their princes given to oppression. The Tsars unquestionably provoked the wars of 1610 and 1709. 'Profiting by the cataclysm which for the moment had swept the Polish state out of existence, the Muscovites, unopposed, quickly appropriated nearly everything which was not already occupied by the Swedes'. (1655. Ency. Brit. v. 21, p. 915). There followed 1772 and 1793!

It is not a bad thing for nations to make a dispassionate examination of their past deeds, but there is no need for us to sit in sackcloth and ashes until our foreign critics show a similar disposition.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

F. FAIRER-SMITH

Sir,—It is a pity that Professor Toynbee in his brilliant account of the spread of Graeco-Roman culture should have revived an exploded myth about the Graeco-Roman origin of Buddhist art: 'Greek art in the service of an Indian religion—Buddhism—was travelling peacefully north-eastwards from Afghanistan along a road that was eventually to carry it across China and down Korea to Japan'. In fact, the Buddhist art which travelled this road was far more Indian than Greek. For a long time, art historians believed that the Buddhist art of India and the far east could be traced back to the Graeco-

Buddhist art of Gandhara, but Ananda Coomaraswamy in his book *History of Indian and Indo-nesian Art* and his essay 'Buddhist Primitives' (included in the collection of essays *The Dance of Shiva*) showed that the importance of Gandhara had been largely overestimated. Though a certain number of Greek formulae were taken into Indian Buddhist art from Gandhara, the influence of the latter on Buddhist art was relatively slight: as Dr. Coomaraswamy made clear, the sentimental hybrid art of Gandhara was incapable of expressing the 'intellectual vigour and the devotional passion of Buddhist thought'.

A strong tradition of Indian art existed long before the hybrid art of Gandhara came into existence in the first century A.D.; but historians were misled into exaggerating the influence of Greek art on Indian art by the fact that early Indian art was in some ways very like late Greek art: two torsos discovered at Harappa, dating from about 3,000 B.C., looks more Hellenistic than anything which appeared in Greece for over 2,000 years.

I cannot help feeling that in his treatment of the influence of European culture and Christianity on the east Professor Toynbee has somewhat neglected the oriental elements which played such a large part in the formation of both; and I suggest that what we need now is a companion series of Reith Lectures, 'The World and the East'.

London, N.W.3

Yours, etc.,

FERNAU HALL

Sir,—In the course of the fifth of his stimulating series of lectures on 'The World and the West', Professor Toynbee largely ascribes the generally harmonious development of national states in western Europe to the fact that its linguistic pattern is that of a patchwork quilt, which 'provides a convenient basis for the political map'.

This very linguistic pattern, however, is itself the resultant of factors of a largely political nature. The growth from humble dialect beginnings of the national languages of western Europe (for it is only the map of the national languages that presents such 'patchwork' formation, not the dialect map) is due almost entirely to political and social factors: the linguist has to refer to the political and social historian to explain the growth of French (originally the dialect of the Ile-de-France), or Castilian, Portuguese, etc., to their present-day status. It would be more correct therefore to state that both the political and the linguistic maps of modern western Europe owe their present configuration to a common set of factors, factors that are unfortunately too intricate for even a cursory analysis here.

London, N.W.3

Yours, etc.,

J. A. CREMONA

Nationalised Industries and the State

Sir,—I am sorry that Mr. Dews should have taken offence at my reference to his chapter in *Problems of Nationalised Industry*. What I intended to criticise was not so much its contents as the place given to it in the book, where it seemed to be divorced from the staffing of the industry. I am not sure, even now, that Mr. Dews understands my point or I his. I am not very anxious that the voice of science should be combined with the voice of authority, if that means that it should speak from the top downwards. I am more anxious that it should be combined with the voice of the responsible technician-administrator on the spot, speaking from below upwards. I think it often does so speak and that 'authority' at the top often does not recognise it.—Yours, etc.,

Etchingham

EUSTACE PERCY

Naturalism in the Theatre

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of December 18 Mr. Charles Davy asked: 'But unless one sees [in the theatre] a world existing in its own right, separate from the audience, what is it that one looks at?' The question is odd: one looks at the stage, of course. Do the audience not always know that?

For the purpose of dramatic performance we have to pretend that the stage is a drawing room or Prospero's island, etc. To Elizabethan and Chinese audiences it was sufficient to indicate the pretence with symbolic gestures or simple stage property. Why do the modern European audience demand elaborate disguise of the stage as if it would be a shame if the stage is recognisable as such? The illusion that the stage is, say, a drawing room is never complete however elaborate the disguise may be: few people, if any, ever really believe that the stage is a drawing room. Besides, for people of pathological credulity scenery and front curtain are unnecessary. (In 1678, during a dramatic performance in a village near Soochow, a man, carried away by his excitement, stabbed and killed an actor who was playing the villain. The Chinese stage had neither scenery nor front curtain.) No audience, I think, want the dramatic illusion to be really successful, because, apart from considerations of safety, they know that the aim of the theatre is not to deceive. The fact that we accept conventions which are not naturalistic, such as actors bowing to the audience in costume even after they are supposed to be dead, also shows that even in proscenium-arch theatres the audience merely pretend but do not believe that the stage is, say, a drawing room. Trying to convince oneself that the stage is a drawing room knowing all the time that it is not is a pathetic and mistaken effort in dramatic appreciation. The type of stage and the amount of stage carpentry required to support the pretence are entirely matters of mental habit: the Elizabethan and Chinese theatre-goers used their imagination but the modern European audience require a peep-show stage and a magic-shutter curtain.

Mr. Davy thinks that 'when the stage is carried out into the midst of the audience . . . so that players and audience all belong to the same world', it is 'very hard to gain the impression . . . that a process of dramatic creation is going on'. Should we believe then that dramatic creation was difficult in Greek, Roman, medieval, Elizabethan, Chinese, Japanese, and Indian theatres, but has become easy only since the latter half of the last century? The history of the European theatre is about 2,500 years, that of the naturalistic theatre scarcely 100 years and many artists have already reacted against it. It seems to me that naturalism is more likely to be a freak than the culminating point in the development of the theatre.—Yours, etc.,

Glasgow

Hsu Tao-Ching

Sir,—As an ex-pupil of Mr. St. Denis, and one who has been closely associated with his ideas on theatrical presentation, may I make one or two comments on Mr. Charles Davy's letter relating to Mr. St. Denis's recent broadcast.

Mr. Davy is right in his contention that if the stage and auditorium are together shaped like a half-saucer, as they are in the Birmingham Arena Theatre, with the audience round three sides of the players, the result is *not* the heightening of dramatic illusion but its destruction; partly because of a too close proximity, but principally because the actor loses dramatic dominance by having to play below the level of his audience.

But the arena is only one aspect of this general idea of thrusting the stage out from the proscenium arch. Mr. Davy rightly points out that we can be made to believe anything what-

ever by the method of presentation. This is true, of course, provided it is the right method for the particular purpose, and here lies the main point of Mr. St. Denis's arguments.

Throughout half a century of thinking in terms only of naturalism, *i.e.*, photographic picture-frame representation of life, the dramatist has imposed on himself not only the physical limitations of the naturalistic convention itself, but through them far more serious limitations in the scope and fluidity of his imagination. Naturalism is as good, or as bad as any other 'ism', provided we remember it is only one kind of convention, and stop thinking it is the only one.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.11

DONALD BARRY

Sir,—A theatre design (and the stage which is part of it) cannot successfully be imposed upon theatrical art. The design accommodates itself to the art which it protects and hardens to the shape. When theatrical thought and practice change then the mould must be broken and a new one made. Mr. Davy is apparently one of those who confuse the theatre building, a subsidiary element in the theatrical art, with the art itself.

Mr. Davy seems looking for something which the theatre is not prepared to give. He speaks of 'a process of dramatic creation' as if he were making a pot—creating something tangible from a lump of clay. But the aim of theatrical art, as of all art, is spiritual ecstasy (catharsis) which is to the spirit what physical ecstasy is to the body in the joy and rejuvenation it brings. Theatrical art seeks catharsis by essentially theatrical means; the actor stimulates the audience whose reaction inspires him afresh, the time space between stimulation and reaction shortens as the actors and audience draw nearer in sympathy until the climax of catharsis is reached (or should be reached—not every theatrical performance is a work of art). The actor cannot reach catharsis alone without the help of the audience in 'a world existing in its own right, separate from the audience', as Mr. Davy would like. Dramatists, designers, engineers, architects may help toward catharsis but in the last resort it is the actors and audience which are the vital factors.

This being so, surely we should assist the process by bringing the audience nearer the actors and the natural grouping is to set them round the actors as a crowd gathers round a man in the market.

Space will not allow me to list many reasons for preferring the open (or apron) stage, but as a producer working on the open stage it seems to me that it is founded upon basic and simple premises, that it encourages what is good and positive in the actor's art and that it is an exceedingly flexible and 'universal' instrument; for these reasons the open stage seems capable of great development.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1.

ANN JELICOE,
Founder and producer
Cockpit Theatre Club.

Sir,—Mr. Paul Bedford speaks of 'the need to make closer contact between the actor and his audience', and compares the proscenium with 'an iron curtain, creating cold war and desolation'. It seems queer to feel hostile towards what is going on beyond the proscenium arch, and if Mr. Bedford really has this feeling he will naturally want to overcome it. But a sociable getting together with the actors is quite different from experiencing the play. For this, it is not with the actors that one needs to make contact, but with what they are representing—that is, with the characters and dramatic content of the play. Millions of playgoers can testify that the proscenium arch is no obstacle to that.

Mr. Bedford refers to 'the warmth and

intensity' of the experience offered by an apron-stage production, and contrasts this with the experience of 'the cold, detached outsider who is accustomed to looking at rather than sharing in a play'. He does not seem to allow for imaginative participation. This is neither cold nor detached; it can be most intense and intimate.—Yours, etc.,

Amberley

CHARLES DAVY

The Brontës in Ulster

Sir,—It is surprising to a Brontë admirer of early-twentieth-century vintage, to find Dr. Wright's *The Brontës in Ireland* relied upon by Jack Loudan for some of the facts included in his recent talk.

The reliability of Dr. Wright's book was seriously challenged when the work was published in 1893. Clement K. Shorter, an acknowledged authority on Brontë-ography, was of opinion that the stories related by Dr. Wright to provide an Irish background for Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights* are entirely mythical. Shorter was supported in this view by Charlotte Brontë's husband, the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, with whom he was personally acquainted—*vide Charlotte Brontë and her Circle* by Clement K. Shorter (1896).

In a review of *The Brontës—Fact and Fiction*, by A. M. Mackay (1897), Andrew Lang, essayist, historian, and authority on folklore, says that his previous doubts as to the reliability of Wright's work are confirmed by Mackay. It is true that Lang also wrote '... Dr. Wright's pictures of Irish life, of the fights, the ghosts, of the whiskey drinking, the love-making are excellent ...' but it is presumably as an ardent folklorist that Lang was then writing!

The then editor of *The Irish Booklover* writing in *T. P.'s Weekly* of November 17, 1911, said: 'I consider that Dr. Wright's *Brontës in Ireland* is unreliable. Almost every statement in it has been controverted and Brontë students laugh at its absurdities'.

If Dr. Wright's book has been rehabilitated—and Jack Loudan's talk suggests that it has—Brontë admirers would be interested in the evidence which produced such a result.

Yours, etc.,

Dublin

JOHN WALDRON

Sir,—An interesting point arises in reference to Mr. Jack Loudan's footnote on page 1034 of *THE LISTENER* of December 18.

The Brontës in Ireland appeared first in 1893. In 1897, a book was published entitled *The Brontës: Fact and Fiction* by Angus M. MacKay, B.A., which refuted the work by Dr. Wright very largely. In his preface, MacKay said that his book was an attempt to apply the 'higher criticism' to what the doctor wrote (a term borrowed from theological phraseology of those days), but stated that no charge of dishonesty was implied against him; he proceeded to say that he was convinced that *The Brontës in Ireland* was unreliable almost from cover to cover, and that 'those who possess it will henceforward merely treasure it for what it is—one of the curiosities of nineteenth-century literature'. Nearly every one of the following 170 pages contains a challenge to Dr. Wright.

I have had both books in my possession for upwards of forty years, and, never having seen the 1906 edition of *The Brontës in Ireland*, I imagined that the final word had appeared. Did Dr. Wright make his case good in the end?

Yours, etc.,

Acton, W. 3.

A. H. SPENCER

The Lost Land of Lyonesse

Sir,—'Mea Culpa'. Mr. Wiard is right in saying that the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle does not

specify the number of towns submerged at the time of the new moon in September 1099. The entry in the Chronicle for 1014 is: 'And on this year, on Saint Michael's Mass Even, came the great sea flood through widely this land, and ran so far up as never before not did, and submerged many towns, and mankind innumerable number'. This incident is alluded to in the entry for 1099, and the chronicler, Florence of Worcester, who only died in 1118, tells the same tale. 'On the nones of November 1099 the sea came out upon the shore and buried towns and men very many, and oxen and sheep innumerable'. But it is in a Cornish legend that the exact number of churches lost is given as 140. It is quoted in a collection of legends written by someone under the nom de plume of Lyonesse. Inadvertently I combined the two stories. I apologise to anyone whom I may have misled.—Yours, etc.,

Wrighton

DINA DOBSON

Sir,—We can all sympathise with the Rev. H. D. Wiard in his fruitless quest for reference to the fabled land of Lyonesse in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. It knows nothing of this myth nor yet of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table with which Lyonesse is intimately associated. These age-long legends are essentially Norman in origin, and have been adapted to suit the requirements of peoples of mixed races who craved for imaginative creations, the Celts among them. No trace of Lyonesse can be found anywhere in our literature till after the introduction to our shores of the Arthurian legends by Geoffrey of Monmouth in the early thirteenth century.

Let us look at the cold facts of history, Strabo, who died A.D. 25 omits all reference to Lyonesse in his History; he describes the Isles of Scilly much as we find them today. The Phoenicians and Carthaginians, who preceded Strabo by several centuries, conducted a considerable trade in copper and tin with the Scillonians, but they make no reference to a continuity of land between the Scillies and the mainland of the Duchy. Neither the Greeks nor the Romans knew of the existence of Lyonesse even during the occupation period of the latter. The Domesday Inquest is silent on the subject of Lyonesse. Few educated Cornishmen and women pin their faith in the existence of this fabulous land. It would certainly be interesting to know why the mixed races of Cornwall proper remained culturally and economically stagnant while its immediate neighbour was a land of cream and honey, happy and contented, fair and fertile to live in, celebrated alike for its piety and industry, with no less than 140 churches to minister to the needs of its population.—Yours, etc.,

Helston

G. E. O. KNIGHT

Turning over the well-illustrated pages of the latest volume in the *Oxford Junior Encyclopedia*, one comes across articles on such diverse matters as customs and excise, finger prints, the Napoleonic wars, and refuse disposal. Each volume in this excellent encyclopedia for young people is devoted to a different subject; and if it is wondered what subject could embrace such a diversity of topics as those just listed the answer is *Law and Order* (Oxford, Cumberlege, 30s.). Here one can read how the community is organised and how it has evolved from the tribe into the modern institutions of constitutional government, both civil and military. Now that eight out of the series of twelve volumes have been published, there is little need to stress the authority of the articles nor the lucidity with which they are written, even those treating subjects of some complexity, such as justice and law. By this time all these qualities are well known. The editors have provided us not with a toy but with a splendid work of reference organised on novel lines—yet a work of reference possessed of higher qualities than mere reliability: it is an encyclopedia to browse in.

A Note on Masks

By GORDON CRAIG

ALMOST all the things which were held as essential in the theatre of the ancients have so degenerated to the ludicrous that it is impossible to speak of them without evoking laughter—laughter in the common people, and a particular kind of bored drawl in many of the cultured. It seems to me that I shall never forget trying to explain to a certain Doctor T—in England that a piece of work which a friend of mine had just invented for the theatre was to be given without the use of words. He would not allow (I remember his gravity) that a serious subject could be treated on the stage without words. And when I explained in what way my friend had resolved to do this, how strange was the tone in which Doctor T—shot out the word, 'Ah, pantomime!'

Dancing, pantomime, marionettes, masks; these things so vital to the ancients, all essential parts of their respected art of the theatre at one time or another, have now been turned into a jest. Dancing—a straight toe like an icicle, strapped in like a *bambino* in an over-pink tight; something on the top of it like a powder puff, and the whole thing set whirling at an enormous rate like a teetotum; it is the modern public dancer—or, when it is not this, it is in every case, and I make no exception, merely a parody of the magic of Isadora Duncan.

The case is even worse with pantomime. At best the world conceives of pantomime to be what the French actors are so good at, and at the worst they think of it as clown and pantaloon. French actors are charming and delightful; clown and pantaloon are entrancing; but these are undoubtedly not the best exponents of the art of pantomime. So if you point to the case of Buddha teaching symbolic gesture or 'pantomime' as it is called, to his pupils, the world will instantly think of harlequinade or *L'Enfant Prodigue* and, dressing Buddha (in their



Japanese Noh mask of a comic actor

mind's eye) in coloured, diamond-patterned tights, or the loose white costume of pierrot, will giggle as they try to be serious about it all.

Then the marionette; speak of him in good society, even in learned society, and there will be an awkward moment or two. It seems that he has become one of those things that one must not mention; like the novels of Alexandre Dumas, he is only for boys and girls; and if you remind anyone that he figured in the feast of Bacchus when the Egyptians celebrated those rites, people will instantly think of a poor doll tied to a stick and resembling nothing so much as Aunt Sally. If you remind people, then, of what M. Anatole France writes of these strange and wonderful beings, the marionettes, they will probably put M. Anatole France down as a very eccentric old gentleman. Still, let us hear what he wrote:

I saw the marionettes of the Rue Vivienne twice, and was immensely pleased. I am infinitely grateful to them for taking the place of living actors. To speak frankly, I must say that actors spoil plays for me. I mean good actors. The others I can still tolerate! But it is the fine artists such as one sees at the Comédie whom decidedly I cannot bear! Their talent is too great; it covers everything! There is nothing left but them . . .

And again:

I have already made the confession that I love marionettes, and those of M. Signoret please me particularly. It is artists who construct them, poets who show them. They have the naive grace, the diving awkwardness of statues consenting to be dolls, and one is

enchanted to see these little idols play at acting.

And then again:

. . . These marionettes are like Egyptian hieroglyphics, that is, like something mysterious and pure, and when they perform a play of Shakespeare or of Aristophanes I seem to see the thought of the poet unrolling itself in sacred characters upon the walls of the temple. It is hardly an hour ago that the curtain of the Petit Théâtre fell upon the harmonious group of Ferdinand and Miranda. I am still under the spell, and, as Prospero says, 'I yet taste some of the subtleties o' the isle'. What a charming spectacle! And how true it is that exquisite things, when they are naive, are doubly exquisite.

Thus dancing, pantomime and the marionette, three essentials of the old dramatic art, have been allowed to go to seed, and people wonder why the dramatic art of today is so indifferent in quality, and the professors explain it by talking much about dramatic characterisation, logic of construction, and the three unities, and so forth, and quote Edmund Burke, and others who study the moon by looking at it in deep wells.

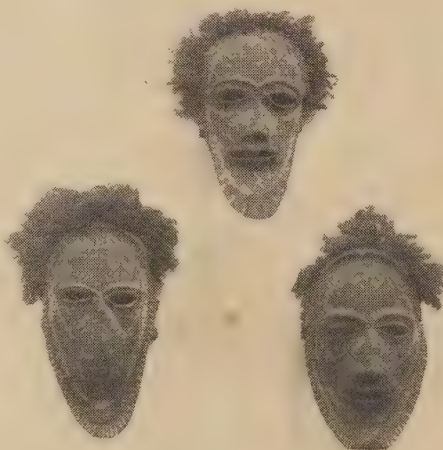
And then the mask, that paramount means of dramatic expression, without which acting was bound to degenerate! The mask was used by the savages when making war at a time when war was looked upon as an art; that is to say when life was so serious that wars could be carried on successfully without all else having to stop. The mask was used by the ancients in their ceremonies when faces were held to be too weak, too slight an element; used by those artists of the theatre, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; found essential to the highest drama by the Japanese masters of the ninth and fourteenth centuries. Rejected later in the eighteenth century by the European actors, and relegated by them to the toy-shop and the fancy-dress ball, the mask has sunk now to the level of the dance, of pantomime, and of the marionette. From being the work of art carved in wood and ivory, and sometimes ornamented with precious metals or precious stones, and later made in leather, it has frittered itself away to a piece of paper, badly painted or covered with black satin, or with pink.

I shall not here deal historically with the mask, for it is my particular wish not to divert you from the point at issue, which is the importance of the mask to the life of the theatre of today and of tomorrow. It is as important now as it was of old, and is in no way to be included among the things which we have to put aside as old-fashioned: it must in no way be looked upon merely as a curiosity, for its existence is vital to the art of the theatre. I have spoken and written in praise of the mask over and over again. I see the gain to the theatre which is attached to this thing. What I tell is not new; it is what all artists know, all over the world.

Human facial expression is for the most part worthless, and the study of my art tells me that it is better, provided it is not dull, that instead of 600 facial expressions, only six expressions shall appear upon the face of the performer. Let us take an example: the judge sitting in judgment upon the prisoner. He is there, and he shall display but two expressions, each of which is in just propor-



The mask as used by the ancients: statuette of a Roman tragic actor
Mander-Mitchenson Theatre Collection



Masks of a secret society in New Guinea

tion with the other. He has two masks, and on each is one main statement, these statements being tempered by reflections—the hopes and fears of not merely the judge, but of Justice and Injustice. Drama which is not trivial takes us beyond reality, and yet it asks a human face, the realest of things, to express all that. It is unfair.

It is this sense of being beyond reality which permeates all great art. We see it in the little clumsily painted pictures of those periods when the true beyond was of more importance than a right perspective, when the perspective of thought and feeling held first place. We see it, for example, in a marvellous little Etruscan figure of only an inch high, a tiny little piece of bronze, charged with an overwhelming spirit, but which would be refused at the Royal Academies of today because, alas! its hand is almost as big as its head, and the toes of the foot are not defined; because it does not wriggle itself into a pose, but is poised with firm conviction—conviction, a thing detested by committees, and hence refused admission to the academies which are governed by committees.

Masks carry conviction when he who creates them is an artist, for the artist limits the statements which he places upon these masks. The face of the actor carries no such conviction; it is over-full of fleeting expression—frail, restless, disturbed, and disturbing. It once would have seemed doubtful to me whether the actor would ever have the courage to cover his face with a mask again, having once put it aside, for it was doubtful whether he would see that it would serve any gain. But now the time gives it proof, for the cinematograph favours the art of the theatre in that it reduces the number of theatres year by year.

The mask will return to the theatre; of that I grow ever more and more assured; and there is no very great obstacle in the way, although there is some slight danger attached to a misconception of its revival and mishandling of its powers. First of all, it is not the Greek mask which has to be resuscitated; rather is it the world's mask which is going to be created. There is something very depressing in the idea of going eastwards, groping among ruins for the remains of past centuries. It is a great trade today, but not for the purposes of the theatre. They dig for the marbles and the bronzes and the statuettes; they unearth tombs; they rummage even for crinolines of 1860; they actually admire these things.

The theatre may admire the old Greek masks, and those of Japan and India, of Africa and America, but it must not dig in the ground for them; it must not collect them to copy them; it must not waste what power it has as a creator in attending to its fads; it must not play the antiquary. That such a danger as this exists needs guarding against, and it is evidently so. Some time ago, we do not know how far back (the collector knows), the world became tired of creating and took unto itself the rage for the old-fashioned.

Pictures! Away with the young painters: let us fill our houses with the old paintings: drag them out of the churches, dig them out of the niches, peel them off the walls: get splendid prices for 'em. What does it matter? Hateful young men! Lovely Old Masters!

Sculpture! Quick, fly to Greece! Now's the time! Nobody's looking—occupied with affairs—no money in the country, a lot of money in the ground, I'd say; dig it all up; let sculpture go to the dogs, and let the old remains come back from Athens to fill our collections.

Music! Some young musician wants his symphony played. Nonsense, costs much too much; have discovered splendid new piece in little old shop for one fife and a drum; never heard anything like it before! Wonderful discovery! Tell the young man to clear out and take up chemistry.

This craze for the antique has become a general habit, and the more antique the more the craze. Old furniture, houses packed with old furniture; old books, tapestries, all sorts of seedy metal work even down to coins—though here the one true collector, the millionaire, is

careful to keep as modern as he can. And this love of the antique is growing, so that today it is positively eating into the very people themselves, and they are becoming as antique as that which they collect, with this difference, that the old stuff has still some life in it and they have hardly any at all.

This love of the antique has come into the theatre now and then; it entered into England with dear William Poel and his Elizabethan Stage Society. Those who knew Mr. Poel knew him to be a man of distinction, cultivated, and an authority upon the stage of the sixteenth century. But what is that for the purpose of the living theatre? All of us feel that those connected with the stage should be distinguished and cultivated, and authorities on all questions pertaining to the stage; but they should possess that only as a basis, and on that basis they should build anew and not merely exhibit the basis itself, saying 'Lo, behold the ruins of the sixteenth century! Tickets sixpence; plan of excavations, twopence extra'.

There have been others besides Mr. Poel. There have been the revivalists of the so-called Greek Theatre—a dreadful thing entirely in Greek. There have been one or two rare exceptions which were beautiful. Those, too, who reproduced almost a facsimile of the Medieval Theatre: a group in Russia did this very well indeed. It would be a sad thing, therefore (as all resuscitation in art is so worthless), if masks, sham-Greek in idea and modern in their quality, should be brought into the theatre, appealing only to the curious by creating a subject for small talk. No! the mask must only return to the stage to restore expression—the visible expression of the mind—and it must be a creation, not a copy.

There is a second danger—the danger of the innovator. As art must not be antique, neither can it be up to date. I think it is Whistler who points out that art has no period whatever. It has only vitality or affectation, and

under 'affectation' come both the imitation of the antique and the up to date, what is today well called 'the latest thing'. The vitality of an art depends upon its artists and their willingness to work under the laws which have ruled their art from the very beginning: not laws put down by committees to suit a period, but the commandments unspoken and unscribed—that nice low of balance which is the heart of perfect beauty, and from which springs freedom, that freedom which we hope and believe is the soul of truth. To move incessantly towards this truth is the aim of artists, and those of the theatre must not lag behind.

This will be nothing new. It is what the men of the theatre began thousands of years ago; it is what the men of the theatre relinquished a few hundred years ago as beyond their strength. When we resume this we shall not be merely repeating; it will be no echo of a past century; the spirited reticence and passionate desire which led men to use the mask in past ages should be the same now as it ever was, and should never die. It is such an inspiration as this that we should turn to and in which we should trust entirely. Therefore let no one attempt to put this thing on one side into the antique shop, or on the other side as an eccentric explosion of futurism.—*Third Programme*

Among recent books on aspects of the Commonwealth of Nations received recently are the following: *The British Commonwealth and Western Europe* by Julian Amery. This is No. 7 in the 'British Commonwealth Affairs' series published by Longmans at 1s. 6d.; *The Crisis of Imperial History* is an inaugural lecture by E. E. Rich, Vere Harmsworth Professor of Imperial and Naval History at Cambridge and is published by the Cambridge University Press at 2s. 6d.; *Introducing the British Caribbean Colonies* is an illustrated booklet prepared by the Colonial Office and the Central Office of Information and published by the Stationery Office at 2s.; and 'White' *Civilisation* is by Dr. E. E. Harrison, Senior Lecturer in the Department of Philosophy at the University of the Witwatersrand and published by South African Institute of Race Relations, price 3s.



Students of the Old Vic Theatre School wearing masks as the witches in 'Macbeth'

Art

Kangra Painting

By ROBERT MELVILLE

THE inside of the building in Imperial Institute Road where the Indian collection of the Victoria and Albert Museum is kept, used to look rather like a receiving depot for the discarded mementoes of retired Indian Army officers, but some drastic and wholly admirable changes in the layout have recently been carried out under Sir Leigh Ashton's direction, and everything is beginning to live its own life. This is particularly true of the paintings: they are now hung in small, intimate bays, and one can look at a few of them at a time without being exposed to disheartening vistas of hundreds more. A little privacy encourages the figures to slip off their mask of quaintness and disclose unsuspected moods and passions. Furthermore, many recent acquisitions have strengthened the representation of the Rajput schools, and the rise and development of Indian painting can now be illustrated without exaggerating the importance of the Mughal school.

It has to be admitted that a lot of Hindu pictures have a faltering and innocuously decorative look, as if they were Sunday paintings by people eager to express a more poetic way of seeing things but with only the sumptuous and materialistic Mughal style to draw upon and not enough drive and skill to transform it. But this does not apply to some of the artists of the Punjab Hills, and in the Kangra paintings, where the poetry and erotic symbolism of Hindu painting is brought to its brief, final perfection, the gentle assurance and sinuous refinement of line give one leave to find signs of insensitive professionalism in the Mughal artists. At least, it is certain that the Mughal habit of commissioning one artist to make a drawing and another to colour it could not have yielded the subtleties of Kangra painting, where each work bears the stamp of an integrated pictorial vision and a supple intelligence, evolved in a highly sophisticated society which would seem to have been attempting to turn the cult of Krishna into a romantic humanism. In these delicate, civilised pictures, devoted to the amours of Radha and Krishna and filled with the joys, sorrows, and agitations of sexual love, one scarcely notices the soft, slaty blues of Krishna's skin, which presumably symbolise his immortality.

No doubt the analogy is imperfect, but I find some of the qualities of Nicholas Hilliard reproduced in the art of Kangra: there is the dependence on a precise but unemphatic line, the absence of shadows, the reconciliation of natural

figuration with decorative patterning, and the use of emblems to symbolise emotional states—Hilliard's briar roses, flames and thunderbolts, Kangra's storms, lotuses and phallic plantains whose oval leaves, bursting forth from the top of the trunk, accomplish, as Mr. W. G. Archer points out in his book on Kangra painting,* a transcription of the curves of Radha's thighs.

The book referred to is the latest addition to the Faber Gallery of Oriental Art. In his all too short essay, the author—he is the Keeper of the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum—includes a fascinating biographical sketch of the Rajput ruler, Raja Sansar Chand (1775–1823), who was the patron of the Kangra school. He also makes a startling comparison between Kangra's draped and discreetly lovely girls and Delvaux's weighty young women who walk about at night in their sleep, without any clothes on. Whilst remaining a little shocked, I consent to the comparison partly because it is more or less true at one level, and partly because it is not every day that experts on Indian painting attempt to obtain recognition of the half-censored fervour of the works they handle and assess.

He gives an enlightening account of the layers of meaning which in a single painting can range from the soul's desire for God to the act of adultery, and of the way in which the symbols—often introduced adventitiously in the work of other Rajput schools—are fully integrated in the Kangra designs, to ensure for the surface meaning a slyly impeccable coherence. This is very obvious in the use of red as a symbol of tumescence. In Basohli and Guler work,

for instance, an opaque red wash often replaces the sky, or there is just an arbitrary geometrical insert of red. (One can, by the way, find many examples of symbolic reddening in the early pictures of Chirico.) But in the Kangra painting called 'The Gale of Love', reproduced here,



'The Gale of Love': Kangra, c. 1820



'The Festival of Spring': Kangra, c. 1800

Victoria and Albert Museum

*Kangra Painting, with an introduction and notes by W. G. Archer. Faber. 12s. 6d.

the lady distracted by a storm is running to the room where a maid is unrolling a blind. It is this blind that is coloured red, and it is in the very process of the unfolding that it becomes an adequate symbol. The other maids are collecting cushions and mats before going for shelter, but the fact that they are clearly not in the least upset makes it evident that the lady's agitation is not what it seems.

I have compared the colour plates in Mr. Archer's book with some of the originals on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the reproductions are remarkably true.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Mau-Mau and the Kikuyu

By L. S. B. Leakey. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

IT IS ONE of the inescapable conditions of Britain's colonial rule that our national agents administer some 70,000,000 diverse peoples about whom we, the public, know little or nothing. Many kinds of organisations, official and unofficial, try to coax us with pictures, pamphlets, and exhibitions, into receiving the necessary information into our weary and distracted minds. But, to the average man, knowledge becomes real only when he grips it with a view to action. So, when there is a scandal about executions in the Gold Coast or a notorious mixed marriage among the Bamangwato or, as now, a possible tribal rising in the heart of settled Kenya, there is an almost angry demand for the knowledge out of which parliament and public can construct the policy for which they are suddenly asked. Seldom, indeed, can this knowledge have been supplied with such speed, brevity, and authority as by Dr. Leakey, who has slipped his little book into our hands just as they had begun to grope for something of the kind.

Dr. Leakey seems to have been providentially created to meet our need. He is at once a Kenya European, and was born and bred among the Kikuyu. He thus speaks with the responsibility of one who belongs to both racial sides, and yet he is also a distinguished sociologist, author of a large forthcoming book on the tribe, and can therefore approach this controversial question not only with impartiality but with the calm judgment of the student. The result, in the first chapters of this little book of a hundred-odd pages, is a masterly miniature of the Kikuyu. He traces for us what another anthropologist has called the web of kinship and of custom, with its double strands of blood and of neighbourhood knitting together in intricate and effective co-operation every person in the tribe from birth to death. Then, suddenly and powerfully, a bare half-century ago, we are shown the intrusion of Europe, with results so inevitable that they can hardly be charged to the wills or even the mistakes of men. The white newcomers could not see the pattern of the tribe: they smashed into it almost as innocently as a man walks through a cobweb. And so the Kikuyu lost all those essential invisible things that give people unity, confidence, self-respect, and the habits, so hard to restore, of a disciplined social life. What they were offered, apart from the higher substitute of Christianity which only the few could fully reach, were material goods and incentives, physical disruption, and a bitter sense of lost land and lost status.

This is all deeply enlightening and the very stuff out of which good policy could be made, though the making will be long and difficult. Does Dr. Leakey give us any immediate political advice? A little, at the end, though here, perhaps unavoidably, he is upon some points more open to criticism. A missionary's son should, for example, know that it will not be so easy for the representatives of a divided Christendom to come together, for the sake of the bewildered Kikuyu, and teach 'a simple Christian faith' apart from their 'various doctrines and dogmas'. Nor will the provision of well-watered land in sufficient quantity be so easy as he suggests: he admits the cost but the money 'must be found'. Are there no economic alternatives?

Those readers who look for more immediate knowledge and advice will find nothing comforting. He stops short at stating exactly how the Mau-Mau took its present form, perhaps

because that issue is *sub judice*—he is himself interpreter in the Kenyatta trial—but he does suggest that the first leaders have been arrested. But others have taken their place and he can still reckon with the possibility of a general attack upon the European population. This little book is, indeed, grave at all levels and it should serve as a warning against superficial or hasty treatment of the Kikuyu's deep social disease.

Rumours of Wars. By A. J. P. Taylor. Hamish Hamilton. 15s.

In this collection of essays and articles previously contributed to various journals, the qualities for which Mr. Taylor is noted are given ample display—his brilliance, pungency, facile cleverness, insight, and acute observation: everything, in fact, except the pout. The historian, says Mr. Taylor, in a judicious essay on 'History in England', should combine truth and literary grace; tired metaphors and flabby sentences should be as unforgivable as a faulty reference or inaccurate quotation. These essays bear witness that he should have included himself in the list of those few who have accomplished this ambitious aim. The two longest articles, on the conflicts in which Great Britain was engaged with France at the end of the nineteenth century—in Morocco and the Nile Valley—reveal Mr. Taylor's quality as a diplomatic historian, serious, painstaking, accurate, and most readable; these continued journalistic activities distract him, and deprive students and practitioners alike of that full-scale work which he is particularly qualified to write. Still, whilst awaiting that work, to quote the author in another context, 'it is always agreeable to see an arrow being discharged at the great and respectable, even if it hits them in the wrong place', as do some of these shafts, particularly against Lord Milner. The arrogant epoch of imperialism, the political equivalent of the *fin de siècle* spirit in art and literature, requires detailed re-examination: in this field, Mr. Taylor could be most useful.

The main theme of the book is the great international conflicts of the past hundred years from the Crimea, 'the war that would not boil', to the present cold struggle and deadlock of outlooks. Throughout most of this period, the western powers knew what they were fighting against, but rarely for what they were fighting. Lack of purpose occurs continually: in the months after Munich, British policy, in Mr. Taylor's opinion, proceeded in a daze, confusedly aware that the Munich spirit had evaporated, but at a loss for something to take its place. By guarantees to states in eastern Europe, and the preaching of collective security against the aggressor, it finally accomplished the greatest revolution in the history of British foreign policy. The right policy was adopted for wrong reasons, and applied by wrong methods, 'not the result of foresight or calculations; it sprang in an impoverished way from bewilderment and anxiety' (the way, Mr. Taylor forgets, in which many so-called 'policies' originate). Mr. Taylor views the future in this light: whether there should be two great powers or one in the world, a clash between two fundamental conceptions, the one logical and ruthless, the other benevolent, muddled, and undefined. To this problem, Mr. Taylor devotes his most sensible analysis and prophecy.

The nature of many of these essays has one inherent fault: they are too brief for publication without expansion. At times, they over-simplify the problems investigated. Were men ever so

clever (or so foolish) as Mr. Taylor suggests? Did events appear so clearly to the participants? Were they not rather, as they really are, blurred and confused, caused often by accident? Nevertheless, the book, alive with provocative and challenging judgments, stimulates throughout: anyone who relishes a talented display of verbal fireworks should not fail to read it.

Puccini: a Biography

By George R. Marek. Cassell. 21s.
Immortal Bohemian: an Intimate Memoir of Giacomo Puccini
By Dante del Fiorentino.
Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

It was high time for a full and balanced biography of Puccini, the most successful Italian opera-composer of this century. Thirty years nearly have passed since his death; personal links have been snapped and memories are fading. His Italian biographers were personal friends who wrote out of a full enthusiasm and in the obituary mood of *nil nisi bonum*. Richard Specht followed them unquestioningly in matters of fact. Only Vincent Seligman lifted a corner of the curtain to reveal something of the real and faulty personality behind the perfection of the funeral image.

Now by a coincidence the whole tale is twice told in these two books which have appeared within a week of one another. Their several characters are neatly indicated in their titles—Mr. Marek's a solid, documented life, Father Dante del Fiorentino's a chatty, informal account based on personal contacts with the composer, direct and indirect.

Father Dante tells us that he was born in Lucca and became curate at Torre del Lago, where Puccini lived. He heard of Puccini and his family from his great-uncle, Don Antonio, a priest of like broad sympathies, who received the papal interdiction against operatic music in Church with 'As Pope I revere him, but as a musician he is unworthy'. Among Don Antonio's tales of Puccini's youth was that of the Painted Corpse, which, even allowing for the embroideries of an accomplished *raconteur*, rings true and is all of a piece with what we know of the composer of 'Tosca' and 'Turandot'.

Father Dante's first-hand account of later years sometimes differs in details of no special importance from Mr. Marek's, but that is only the result of a lively memory backed by a lively imagination. All the essentials of Puccini's character, from which the author omits none of the less admirable traits, and all the main facts are here, including the tragic story of Doria, the Puccini's maid, who was driven to suicide by Elvira Puccini's insane jealousy. In this instance, she had apparently no justification for her suspicions: poor Doria paid the price of Puccini's other numerous infidelities. Father Dante writes with so much liveliness and humour that he wins affection for himself no less than for his rather raffish subject. His first words are of the olives ripening on the Tuscan hills and his little book is richly redolent of olive oil and garlic.

Mr. Marek's book smells rather of the lamp. But the reader should not be put off by a blend of American journalese with a Teutonic meticulousness. For he will be rewarded by a well-ordered and judicious presentation of a mass of material, most of it unpublished hitherto,

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which, if it does not radically alter our estimate of the composer as man or musician, greatly amplifies our knowledge of him. Mr. Marek has been at pains to interview all the surviving relatives and friends of Puccini and his wife (though he oddly makes no mention of the informative Father Dante); he has searched the archives of Messrs. Ricordi and other sources of documentary evidence; and he was fortunate in discovering at the last moment four cases of correspondence deposited in the New York City Library by an American soldier, who had apparently stolen them from Puccini's villa at Viareggio. These have proved a mine of information to the author, and one hopes that his suggestion that these letters should now be returned to Italy will be implemented.

Here, then, is a full and detailed biography which hides and extenuates nothing. But if there are discreditable incidents, such as the intrigue to get the libretto of 'Tosca' from another composer who was working on it—which incidentally suggests that Puccini's conduct over 'La Bohème' was not as blameless as he pretended—the main impression obtained from the book is of a musician of integrity. For Puccini pursued his craft with a single-minded purposefulness, seeking to make each work as good as possible and to endow it with an individual character of its own. His fault was never insincerity; he sometimes, as in 'The Girl of the Golden West', misjudged the value of a subject.

Even more striking was the inability of this most accomplished craftsman to see what he wanted in a given context. He drove his librettists frantic with his criticisms of their efforts, but his criticism was always negative, never constructive. Unlike Verdi, who sketched out for Boito's guidance exactly how he wanted the last act of 'Otello' to be arranged even to details of dialogue, Puccini could give no lead to Illica and Giacosa in the construction of the libretto for 'La Bohème'. It took the unhappy poets nearly four years to hit upon what the composer wanted. Often it was Giulio Ricordi who provided the right idea, and the most interesting feature of this book is the new light it throws on that remarkable personage. There are also some hitherto unpublished anecdotes of Verdi in his last few years.

Mr. Marek alternates his biographical chapter with critical analyses of each opera. Here his judgments are more open to question. He writes well about 'La Bohème', for which he has a special affection, but cannot see beyond the melodramatics of 'Tosca' into the individuality with which Puccini's music invests the characters. And he fails to perceive the real flaw in 'Turandot', namely the failure to reconcile the pathos of Liu's character and her realistically moving end with the fantastic fairy-tale of Turandot. And few musicians will agree with his poor opinion of the scene of the Masks, which contains the most enchanting music Puccini ever wrote, or with his dismissal as a bore of Timur, who has very little to sing, that little including the lovely epilogue to Liu's death.

Voyage to Windward: The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson

By J. C. Furnas. Faber. 25s.

E. F. Benson, writing in 1925, said that Stevenson had suffered 'the indignity of being pilloried in stained glass', and ludicrously tried to put the matter right by throwing stones at the window. The true facts of Stevenson's life and the true value of his work have been so long buried beneath the monstrous growths of myth and anti-myth that, as Mr. Furnas says in his new biography, it is touch and go whether Stevenson himself can be rescued at all. This long biography, the most sensible and comprehensive to appear so far—almost, one feels, that will ever be

required, if this can be said of any biography—makes rescue possible.

It is not only that Mr. Furnas has had access to previously unpublished letters of Stevenson and to the full text of his letters to Mrs. Sitwell, hitherto kept bowdlerised with such paradoxical effect by the conditions of Colvin's will. Out of this new material Mr. Furnas has indeed produced invaluable evidence. The true nature of Stevenson's relationship with Mrs. Sitwell is brought to light; 'Claire'—dear to both romancers and debunkers—is disposed of for ever; a much more balanced view of Fanny Stevenson appears than has ever appeared before; the astonishing venom of Henley's outburst in 1901 is neatly explained in an exciting piece of biographer's detection; the road which a group of Samoans built with their own hands in gratitude to Stevenson is cleared of the sentimental fog which has often engulfed it. But it is the humanity, the undogmatic understanding that Mr. Furnas brings to his research which makes his biography so admirable. Here are no black or white characters, carefully reconstructed from paper and ink, but human beings in all their changing colours revealed by the light of scholarship.

The only drawback to Mr. Furnas' book is the extraordinary style which he sometimes favours: a sort of ornate, twisted-rolls-of-barbed-wire effect, tinged occasionally with wry facetiousness, which hampers progress. This is something very American—this conviction that you get the most out of words by packing them in tight—and it reaches its greatest absurdity in certain fields of American journalism. Mr. Furnas' book is on a so much higher level than any sort of journalism that his style is only an occasional irritation instead of a fundamental disadvantage.

Rumour and Reflection

By Bernhard Berenson. Constable. 30s.

At the beginning of the second world war, Bernhard Berenson, the art critic whose name is truly a legend, was at I Tatti, his villa near Florence to which so many visitors have for half a century made pilgrimages. This delicate but healthy, Jewish but Roman-spirited, octogenarian refused, despite the pressure of friends, to return to his home in America. Isolated and suspect, he remained at I Tatti until he had to take refuge in the house of a friend.

Berenson amused himself during this phase of his extraordinary life by keeping a journal. 'Amused' is really the correct word to employ, because serious though his preoccupations and intense his thinking, his writing never loses its air of being civilised, sparkling, incisive conversation. It is the excellent talk of a man with keen but smiling glance, whose pauses at the end of each entry seem made out of politeness to hear what his interlocutor, the reader, will reply.

A weakness of the book is that it is perhaps too conversational, too elegant, too much an exercise in manners. The too-well-groomed language seems rather ill-suited to subjects such as the monstrous deeds of the Nazis. All the same, as one reads on, one grows used to the idea that the man whose tastes make him the companion of princes and poets and who has attained a Goethean age and a Goethean detachment, should yet have a firm hold on reality, and from his Olympian height should thunder against the new barbarism.

The reader is amazed by the variety of Berenson's interests. At one moment he is discussing the war, at another the problem of the Jews and anti-Semitism, at another the idea of a post-war world which he hopes will be dominated by a harmonious alliance between the English-speaking nations; and the thread which connects all these topics is his day-to-day life in war-time Tuscany. There are one or two beautiful descrip-

tions of nature, noted down with a conciseness of phrasing which reminds the reader that Berenson was related to Logan Pearsall Smith. 'For some minutes I was the world seen by my eyes and felt by my senses, the landscape, the freshness of the air, the smells coming up from the garden, the caress of the breeze'.

'Life-enhancing' is the perhaps unscientific but mercifully unjargonish epithet which Berenson has introduced into art criticism. There is something life-enhancing about his own personality, as revealed in the words quoted above, written on August 27, 1942. That at his age and in the circumstances in which he then wrote, he should be able to achieve such a breathing and joyous calm, is immensely encouraging to all of us living at this time.

The Anathemata. By David Jones.

Faber. 25s.

'They billeted warm that night, in plentiful hay, freshly carried; you could lie, with exquisite contentment, and listen to the war'.

'Down on the right they were at it intermittently, and far away north, if you listened carefully, was always the dull toil of The Salient—troubling—like somebody else's war'.

Here are two sentences from David Jones' former, and quickly famous, epic, *In Parenthesis*. The first is intelligible to anyone. But no one without memories of the Other War can have any idea of just how good is the poetry in it, and how exactly it fits the feelings of that time. The second sentence is equally, or even more, evocative to the experienced, and it, too, is communicative to the inexperienced, but in nothing like its full power; indeed, a note is needed, and provided, to explain The Salient, the never-cushy sectors round Ypres. To the book's last two pages seven notes are provided, four of which refer to old Welsh or old French heroic tradition; and there is plenty of such remoter reference in earlier passages, sometimes but not always because mounting intensity of feeling has pushed back the boundaries of consciousness, and allowed latent mental contents to shew. But *In Parenthesis* has most often a clear surface-narrative. It satisfies even those who 'like a lot of story with their art'.

The new epic, *The Anathemata*, has little surface-story, and carries remote reference, in organic allusion, farther. We get on pages 104-5:

Themis, pray.

Phoebe, Telphousa

pray.

Agelastos: Petra

cleft for us!

Paphia remember us that are indentured to your mother.

And us marines, remember us

as belong to y'r panzer'd lover.

David Jones X-rays his own world within its individualising horizons, he industriously re-knits, re-integrates, almost re-vertebrates, the recoverable memories into surface-patterns of sound and meaning on the pages, and leaves us with enjoyment and with a chance, first to feel inarticulately, and then progressively to comprehend in its causal necessities, the message which he offers. Poets write, not to tell others, but to discover and understand for themselves. Being doubly a fine artist, it is to be supposed that David Jones chooses and traces what is relevant not only to himself, but also to many or most of us in these islands.

In a notable introductory essay of great candour and integrity he says what he is trying to do. He is writing of his own 'res' or 'thing'; he might have reminded us that 'thinghood is thoughtness', and that *res* is cognate with *reor* and *ratio*. His 'res' is full of 'anathemata' in all the Greek meanings—what is stored, or dedicated, or ornamental, or accursed;—and for



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him all this is principally of old Celtic, especially Welsh, origin, with mixture of Roman and English, especially English of east London, and always a strong accent on the sea and seafaring. He has tried to be relevant and keep to his orbit; a poet, he says, must be more careful than other people not to be 'ex-orbitant'. His selection of derivations for his 'writing' is very unlikely to be unreal or inaccurate.

Without judging their merit, he believes that the ways of Hopkins and Joyce are right for our times, and he accepts their ways. So allusion is a plentiful stream, and sound and rhythm are rich and important. They all exceed what we find generally in *In Parenthesis*. But the inter-explanations of modern Cockneys, Catholic and Pagan rites, Roman and Trojan origins for Britain, and a lot else need, and get, annotation, very much, really, as 'The Salient' got it. It is a Vergilian method, but unlike Vergil David Jones and other moderns are not compelled to frame every deep message within one clear surface-story. Like Vergil, they are at first likely to seem odd; like him, they, if they are good poets, may have to wait many centuries for satisfactory interpretation, or even discovery of patterns, 'if any'—David Jones is not sure that he has any apart from rhythm.

There is authority for the belief that artistic pleasure is a sign of artistic meaning; and the pleasure in reading *The Anathemata* is great. On the whole the publishers are right to claim that while you are reading you will not ask questions. It is certainly a case for assimilation first and analysis afterwards. Good analysis will need great learning, for the epic is the work of a *doctus poeta*. The learning in the notes is rich and of good quality; recondite things are intimately known. The intimacy accounts for strange but wise choices; this poet seems to choose what really has mattered even if it has been mainly forgotten or obscure. The right things are, as we may see or trust, bracketed, for 'thickness through'; again something Vergilian, and perhaps to be enlightened by comparing Francis Berry's sestina 'Autumn Oblation', in which obscure religious and other latent images are operatively made basic for a contemporary experience.

The Anathemata can scarcely fail to be counted a great book, as *In Parenthesis* is counted. It carries the stamp. Daringly—too daringly?—it has no clear beginning, middle, and end, but only a kind of historic sequence. But it does what Epic is meant to do. It gives a philosophic view, tenable for our times, of the secret places where nature finds reconciliation with the Divine.

Sea Elephant. By L. Harrison Matthews. Macgibbon and Kee. 15s.

This book, like seal meat, is strong stuff, and may not be to everyone's taste. It is the story of three years spent by Dr. L. Harrison Matthews, Director of the London Zoo, on the island of South Georgia and on the seas around it. During some of this time the author was engaged in whaling; but the period covered by him in *Sea Elephant* was devoted to researches and observations on this animal in the company of the seal hunters. The sea elephant, or the elephant seal to give it the more correct name, is the largest member of its family. This monstrous marine mammal weighs several tons, is rich in blubber, and is therefore much prized.

Very few scientists can claim to be equally at home when engaged in their researches, and when writing about them, but Dr. Matthews is an exception. His book is not only an account of the habits and life of the elephant seal; it is a rip-roaring story of the sub-Antarctic seas, and the men and ships that sail them. At times it is reminiscent of *Moby Dick*; and, if he were

not a zoologist of distinction, it is likely that the author could compete on equal terms with any contemporary writers of tales of ocean adventure. In fact, it is doubtful if there are many today who could so vividly depict in words the ghastly chill of those bleak wastes, the ever-present danger from mountains of ice, or the lives of those hard-bitten but cheerful men who go a'whaling and a'sealing. Of course, the writing is frank, tough—even brutal at times; but then sealing and whaling are themselves brutal pursuits, and cannot truly be described in fastidious terms. But the interesting details of the life of the sea elephants themselves and of the other seals referred to in the book go a long way towards lessening one's natural feelings of horror at the scenes of ruthlessness and bloodshed that are described so realistically.

Dr. Matthews is, of course, primarily a scientist; and this is well shown throughout the book when he is commenting on some unique feature of seal life, or noting some discovery he has made. At such times the true man of research appears, with all the single-mindedness and curiosity without which no one can call himself a scientist of any kind. Take the occasion when the author wanted to check the pulse rate of a young seal. He lay flat on his stomach on a frozen beach where some seal pups were lying. Then, imitating as best he could the elephant seal's cumbersome gait, and using his elbows as flippers, he wriggled alongside the pup and snuggled up to its side. Once there he placed one hand gently into its armpit, and, with his watch in the other hand, counted off the throbs in the main artery.

This is a fascinating book, even if it will arouse strong feelings among its readers. The illustrations are also the work of its versatile author.

Thomas Fuller: The Worthies of England. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by John Freeman. Allen and Unwin. 42s.

If we are to believe his contemporaries, to know Thomas Fuller was to love him. His engaging manners, his robust good sense, his tact and tolerance in an age of bigotry, and his irrepressible sense of fun made him welcome in any company, and he had the power to loosen men's tongues as well as to enchant their ears. As he rode about during the Civil War and the Protectorate, gathering material for his *Worthies of England*, he would listen patiently for hours while garrulous sextons and aged village gossips recounted the traditions of their neighbourhood, and keepers of archives were always ready to spread their treasures before him. He also read widely and retentively—'was a perfect walking Library', according to his anonymous biographer of 1662—and he was methodical in recording what he heard and read. However forbidding their titles and subjects may at first sight seem to modern readers, his works are a joy to read for their mixture of solid learning and interesting information with homely and amusing anecdote, and with a wit that often sparkles but is never unkind or irreverent.

The Worthies is a delightful and remarkable book. Taking the counties of England alphabetically, from Berkshire (Barkshire to him) to Yorkshire, and adding Wales for full measure, Fuller lists and comments on their natural products, their manufactures, their notable buildings, their various 'wonders', and their proverbs; and then, far the largest section, their worthies: saints, prelates, princes, statesmen, writers, and men otherwise remarkable for their parts or their philanthropy. It is a work of immense and varied interest, at the same time a storehouse of traditional lore, a gazetteer, and

our first dictionary of national biography, for it is much wider in scope than the earlier compendia of brief lives in Latin put together by Leland, Bale, and Pits. Fuller's biographical notices may consist only of an anecdotal jotting or two, or they may spread over two or three pages, but they are almost always vivid and arresting. He is the source of, among other things, the famous accounts of Raleigh's spreading his cloak for Queen Elizabeth to walk on, and of the wit-combats of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson.

The Worthies was published in 1662, and twice again last century. These editions are hard to find, and Mr. Freeman's long-heralded selection has been awaited with some interest. Now that it has come, it is frankly rather disappointing, for Mr. Freeman seems not to have followed any clear or consistent principles of selection. In reducing to thirteen pages of his edition the seventy-five folio pages of Fuller's introduction, on the grounds that most of it is rendered pointless by his own method of rearrangement and selection—grounds that are not entirely substantiated by examination of the original—he has cut out many of the best sections of the work; here Fuller is not restricted by the necessity of being concise, and the writing is enlivened by more of his characteristic turns of phrase and thought than are possible later. As to arrangement, Fuller grouped his worthies chronologically according to their callings, often thereby bringing out interesting comparisons and contrasts; Mr. Freeman's purely chronological arrangement seems less effective. He naturally includes all the famous worthies: it is not at all clear how he has selected from among the less famous or the obscure. He is similarly arbitrary, and very severe, in his choice of the regional proverbs which enshrine so much of the wisdom and humour of our forefathers. And he is inconsistent in modernising the text, capriciously retaining a few archaisms, like 'intituled' and 'anticronism', to preserve 'something of the essential flavour of the work'. Mr. Freeman seems indeed to have fallen between two stools. Enough has been said to show that this is clearly not an edition for the scholar; for the general reader an attractive selection could have been made that weighed less and cost less. However, Fuller's very considerable charm and wisdom can rise superior to more mishandling than they have been subjected to here, and no one who buys this book ought to regret his purchase.

Roosevelt and the New Deal

By D. W. Brogan. Oxford. 16s.

Roosevelt has his partisans and the New Deal its enemies, but there are few objective analyses of either. This survey of the Roosevelt administrations is the kind of clear and judicious appraisal for which Professor Brogan is known on both sides of the Atlantic. *Roosevelt and the New Deal* is the British edition of a volume in 'The Chronicles of America' series originally published under the title, *The Era of Franklin D. Roosevelt*. Except for a few explanatory notes, the two are identical.

The story covers the turbulent years from the social catastrophe of global depression to the social catastrophe of global war. While Franklin Roosevelt is unquestionably the central figure, ample attention is given to the issues of capital and labour, banking, agriculture, unemployment, and national politics. In the concluding pages, Professor Brogan assesses the New Deal in the perspective of history. Roosevelt and the New Deal did not cure American democracy of all its ills. But Roosevelt and the New Deal gave democracy another chance, a chance to solve some of the persistent problems of men who wish to be free.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

Beyond All Reckoning

THIS IS THE SEASON of exhortation, weighing up, reckoning, or, as perhaps the old year of grace has taught us to say, 'counting the cosh'd'. These are the nights when many a journalist's lucubrations are headed 'Looking backward—and forward', when old glories are dusted up, and cries of good riddance mix with sighs for the unforgettable, soon forgotten.

All this extra looking about, in the various directions recommended, *viz*, into hearts, towards new horizons, at fresh targets, etc., may well impose on those whose business it is to keep looking at the television screen, with never a day off anywhere, just that straw which breaks the camel's back and puts the television critic in the mad house. I cannot pretend to have compiled a list of the ten best evenings, ten best puppets, ten best performances by leading players, supporting players, or cameramen. There have been some tons of shoddy and some acres of witless waste but much less, I warrant, than in many places where television is to be seen. On the other hand, there have been one or two plays and musical productions which could rival the best which either stage or screen could

tastefully. As a refraction of the jolly old music-hall, it was understandable enough. But in these times when the music-hall is merely an excuse for Hollywood film stars to gurgle into a microphone the rinsings of radio and sound track; in these days when even the humblest tot knows as much about ballet as Taglioni herself; when the universal bi-weekly visit to the picture palace has raised the standard for the spectacular and choreobantic to new heights, can pantomime in these days really compete?

Apparently it can. Pantomimes are still booked out and televising them does not, apparently, put people off. About that I am frankly glad. A pantomime without an audience would be a sorry thing. Surely the essence of it is to join in, to yell with childish delight when

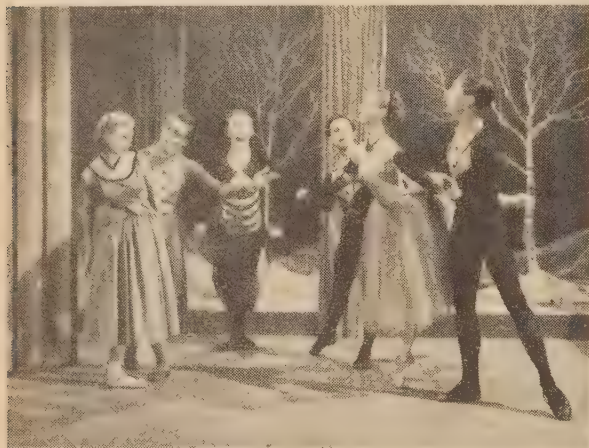
Dame is menaced by Demon, or sloshed with whitewash, and to join at her bidding in a chorus which involves you in tweaking the ears of your totally strange neighbours in the stalls, a G.I. slumped in total misery on one side and a melancholy Begum in a mink coat on the other. I know all about children in hospitals and all that. Yet for the mountain of inanity to come to Mohammed, or—more seasonable simile—for the Ball to go to Cinderella rather than the other way about, seems to me full of dangers.

Of the two big London pantos, I recorded when I saw them in theatre some amazement at their dazzling purity of humour, not a tinge of 'blue' in sight; I also



The pantomime 'Jack and Jill', excerpts from which were televised on Christmas Eve, with Hy Hazell (centre right) as Jack

recorded that many of the jokes were about television personalities and that the 'mike', as ever, dominated all. Innocent that I was, I had never thought to connect these phenomena with the possibility that these very shows were in due course to come thrusting into our homes. For humour I liked best 'Dick Whittington', because Richard Hearn's avuncular rage and self upsets are a delicious visual joke, and because Frankie Howerd's Idle Jack is a perfect incarnation of the *beau idéal* of our post-war metropolis, the padded, empty 'wide boy'. But Hy Hazell of 'Jack and Jill' was much more certainly designed by Dame—no, Mother—Nature to be a Principal Boy than Miss Vanessa Lee who sings beautifully but is much too ladylike to make anything of a future lord mayor. Dare one challenge the sacred tradition of principal boys at all? This typically French compromise which was introduced into the Paris opera at a time when ladies appeared to move upon castors to reveal that other ladies indeed *had* legs, is now



'Her First Party', a new ballet by John Cranko, televised on December 21

offer, and one or two performers who, like Alice, have skipped clean through the glass and joined us in our rooms on the other side. Above all, there has been the growing thought, now gradually becoming familiar, of the terrifying ubiquity of television and its potential effect on the national ethos, and how all the fame of great Alexander is as naught beside the universal glory of some tongue-tied fishwife who appears for a split second in 'What's My Line?'

But these are wild and whirling generalisations. What of the practical viewing of the last days of this year? The answer can be given in one word and abbreviated at that: panto. On ice, on toast, on telly, it has been panto or near panto most of the way and very, or fairly, agreeable too; though quite such a heavy dose might have made a Scrooge of the strongest, the effect was on the whole pleasantly purgative. That, I believe, is why pantomime continues to exist: a dog's dinner of all the things that would otherwise be thrown out, here gulped down un-



Television's second 'Christmas party'

rather outmoded in a world where even your grandmother wears shorts.

In more serious vein, there was an excellent production of 'This Happy Breed' by Eric Fawcett, in which Carl Bernard got a great deal out of Mr. Coward's suburban Everyman and Marjorie Mars worked efficiently as his helpmeet. Even at the time of its first production in the war, when we were properly calloused to the sentimentality about 'the little man', I remember to have thought some of Mr. Coward's thoughts on national greatness rather trite. They have not improved with the keeping. But there is some genuine emotion in the play and that was transmitted. 'A Time to Be Born', the Nativity play, had the slang, the towel-over-head costuming and general sincerity one expected, but something else as well, a real touch of beauty now and again. And for those who were not playing charades themselves on Christmas night, '1066 and All That' was quite a happy choice. All in all, television has come out of 1952 with some new cause for pride.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

BROADCAST DRAMA

In All Directions

ONE ARM of the signpost pointed to Colonus; a second to a timeless Nativity; a third to London under a green-cheese moon; a fourth (pointing downward) to an appointment with fear. The post had other arms: it stood at the Christmas crossroads. Remembering it, I find myself tossed at once into that terrifying car beside Peter Jones and Peter Ustinov: off again 'In All Directions' (Home). I protest feebly. 'You are not Sophocles', I say, 'not Molière, not my storyteller, the Man in Black'. And all the reply that comes is a sinister chuckle generated by either Ustinov or Jones, and five equally sinister syllables, 'Cophthorne Avenue'.

This protean fret-and-fume (too seldom granted to us) is one of radio's best light programmes: I have wild dreams of a union of Jones and Ustinov with S. Potter and the college at Yeovil. In the last spasm the pair were buying presents for Auntie, which meant that in a bookshop they had to buy representative books (there was a Mrs. Dimmock: 'The prospect of being a grandmother had given her a strange serenity'); and that, in a Novelty Establishment over the way, they were offered 'an honest little wine from Cheshire, made of the finest grape substitute and glucose mixture: Château Birkenhead '52'. Ustinov (or was it Jones?) expressed superbly the kind of wheedling 'spiv' voice attached to a man who, earlier that day, had landed me with a superfluous consignment of logs. We learned at the last that Auntie lived (inevitably) in Copthorne Avenue, so we may expect to meet the terrors again.

Many leagues stretch between Copthorne Avenue and 'white Colonus'. In 'Oedipus at Colonus' (Third), where the aged Sophocles has brought the wanderer to his end, Donald Wolfitt rightly projected an Oedipus larger than life, a strong attack on the part, and one that wavered only at the daughters' return when a relentless microphone exposed the 'keening' note that Wolfitt is apt to strike in emotional passages. But it was a masterful performance. The Chorus, in Raymond Raikes' production, did honour to the famous ode, 'Here in our white Colonus, stranger guest'.

'But what the devil was he doing in that galley?' cried Carleton Hobbs in tones of baffled woe that, I imagine, must have stayed with listeners to 'Les Fourberies de Scapin' (Third), George Graveley's quick and sensible version of a farcical comedy with one of

Molière's best-known tags. The cast clearly appreciated the piece, though I suspected that Maurice Denham had not all the variety needed for the scampering Scapin. It is a breathless comedy. One's prose is infected. What the devil is he doing? What is brewing in the rushing of the rally when the valet speeds the wooing through the maze of Molière? Carleton Hobbs, Barbara Lott, and Baliol Holloway added style to gusto in a lively seventy minutes.

After this I must rush in all directions. There was the dawn-clarity of 'A Cradle of Willow' (Home), a Nativity directed by Mary Hope Allen; and there was the seasonable confusion of 'Trial and Error' (Home), a comedy based by Rodney Ackland and M. A. Lonsdale upon an idea by Vernon Harris and the ever-ready Gale Pedrick. Yvonne Arnaud, with her best hookah-gurgle and squeak, and a riot of others, acted in this. What was it about? Christmas shopping, a too-expensive rocking horse, a health-food restaurant, a magistrates' court, the odd behaviour of witnesses in Saigon... but, most of all, I remember Yvonne Arnaud's squeak-and-flutter.

I missed the first half of a double bill (Light) because of switching on to A.P.H. on the Home wavelength, and remaining a truant until it was time for an Appointment with Fear called 'Cabin B.13'. This related some odd melodramatics during an Atlantic passage; though, alas, it left me unpersuaded, I would not have lost the sound of Valentine Dyall as he observed in his black-velvet voice: 'Four o'clock in the morning: the hour of suicides and bad dreams'. Finally, recollections of Christopher Fry's urbane preface to 'The Firstborn' (Home) and Michael Hordern's eloquence as Moses; and a less cheerful memory of W. H. Auden's dispiriting text in 'For the Time Being' (Third). There, perhaps, I was poaching again—in the wrong direction.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Christmas, 1952

I HAVE SOMETIMES REMARKED that in Christmas celebrations the spoken word shrinks to a trickle, its place being taken by musical and dramatic performances and those vast feature programmes, such as 'The Queen's Inheritance' last week which put a girdle round about the earth, if not like Puck in forty minutes, at least in only twenty minutes longer. But this year the listener who limited his attention to spoken-word programmes dealing actually or by implication with Christmas would have been left with a strong sense of the Christmas spirit. The traditional setting of snow and ice which still seems to belong inalienably to Christmas, despite the green Christmas which so often prevails in this island, was vividly presented on Monday in a programme in the Third called 'Winter', a reading of four excerpts from a book by Mikhail Prishvin translated from the Russian by W. L. Goodman under the title *The Lake and the Woods: or Nature's Calendar*. Prishvin, whose name and work were unknown to me, was born in 1873 and is still alive and writing in Russia. He has that extraordinarily sharp eye for natural detail and the poetic power to express it which we enjoy in Turgenev's *A Sportsman's Sketches* and Tolstoy's wonderful story, *Master and Man*. I found these extracts, as read by Carleton Hobbs, completely absorbing.

Next evening 'The Mayor Unrolls his Mat' brought us an irresistibly laughable account of the arrival of Father Christmas, as understood and impersonated by the Mayor, in the Chinese village of Pingshan where the speaker, Sydney Bailey, was stationed as representative of the Friends Ambulance Unit during the late war. In the course of his description of this sur-

prising incident and of his conversations and general intercourse with the Mayor of Pingshan, Mr. Bailey lifted this preposterous personage into a comic character of the first magnitude. Later the same evening on the Home Service, 'Ornaments of Grace', a sequence of poems for Christmas arranged and produced by Terence Tiller, was read by two male and two female voices. The selection ranged from the sixteenth-century Robert Southwell to Clifford Dymont and no names were mentioned until after the conclusion of the recital. This method enables those with minds strong enough not to distract themselves by docketing and diagnosing during the programme, to listen to it and appreciate it as a single ceremony.

Carleton Hobbs again was the reader on Christmas Eve of Hilaire Belloc's 'The Reveillon', the story of a vision seen on Christmas Eve in the Forest of Ardennes, so Mr. Belloc narrates, by a soldier in the regiment in which he himself was serving. It is written in that style of elaborate and careful simplicity which belongs to him alone. It is an artificial—one might even call it a mannered—style, but used by a poet it can produce impressive effects. In this story it conjured up an atmosphere of mysterious exaltation. Like Mikhail Prishvin, Mr. Belloc has the gift for selecting just that small, vivid detail which suddenly lights up the scene he is describing.

From Monday to Friday the Light Programme provided 'A Story for Christmas'. I listened to three of them—Daphne du Maurier's 'Happy Christmas', Hans Andersen's 'The Last Dream of the Old Oak Tree', and Per-rault's 'The Master-Cat, or Puss-in-Boots'. Miss du Maurier's story is written with a directness and economy which I found very refreshing. It is a moral tale in the sense that it presents the reader with a test case which compels him to ask himself uneasily how he would have behaved in the same circumstances. It was excellently read by Jean Metcalfe. I listened to the other two with the innocent absorption of a seven-year-old. Why? It cannot have been entirely due to the enjoyable reading of Wynford Vaughan Thomas and Richard Dimbleby; moreover Andersen's tale is somewhat mawkish on the palate; yet the fact remains.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Christmas Week

CHRISTMAS WAS CELEBRATED with plenty of appropriate music, nicely graded to the tastes of the three Programmes' respective audiences. Massed carols in the Light were balanced in the Third by Medieval carols sung in a Cambridge hall under the direction of the musicologist who has edited them for *Musica Britannica*. In the Home Service there was 'Messiah' and an act of 'Die Fledermaus', while the Third gave us Schütz's Christmas Oratorio and Ravel's 'L'Enfant et les sortilèges', the most enchanting of children's operas. Of some of these things I have written here in the past; to others I could not listen—even a critic may be allowed to eat and be merry at this season—so it is the things not specially associated with the Feast that I find most interesting as a subject for discussion. There was Strauss' 'Elektra' and Donizetti's 'Il Duca d'Alba' and, if I may hark back so far, Bartók's 'Bluebeard's Castle'.

There was certainly nothing Christmassy about Bartók's grim opera, with its allegorical treatment of the fairy-tale ogre and its pessimistic lesson concerning the vanity of human wishes. But what a flood of fine, rich music is set flowing by the opening of each successive door by the inquisitive Judith! Upon this flood is imposed the dialogue of Bluebeard and his

wife, who sing mostly in little two-bar phrases which produce a hieratic effect as of some religious ceremony. The effect was, for me at least, somewhat marred by the fact that the metre used is that of Longfellow's 'Hiawatha'. I do not recollect being similarly disconcerted by a performance in Hungarian; perhaps the English singers over-emphasised the metre. Otherwise both Joan Cross and Arnold Matters deserve the highest praise for a sensitive and musicianly performance, though Miss Cross became at times something too shrewish in her demands, and Mr. Matters' voice has an incorrigible geniality, so that his Bluebeard sounded too avuncular, almost like a nice, kind St. Bernard dog trying to warn his mistress of danger.

'Bluebeard' made an excellent broadcast, even in the absence of the sumptuous stage-spectacle,

in virtue of the vividness of the score finely played by the Philharmonia Orchestra, under Stanford Robinson. 'Elektra', on the other hand, was severely handicapped by the absence of visible action. So much of it is dialogue between sopranos—which is one reason for the striking effect made by the tardy advent of the baritone—and it must have been difficult for anyone without a score to tell who was singing in the opening scenes. And though Clytemnestra's voice was easily distinguishable, how was the blindfold listener to imagine the horror of her corruption? Apart from the scene of the maidservants, which was badly recorded or dimly reproduced, both recording and performance were excellent, and Inge Borkh's flow of steady tone over the spacious phrases of Elektra was in itself a pleasure to hear.

Boxing Day brought a real curiosity in Donizetti's posthumous opera on the subject of the Duke of Alva. The curious thing about it is the almost unornamented vocal line. Even the soprano had hardly any *coloratura*. It was as if the composer had blocked in the outlines of the voice-parts, leaving the embellishments to be added later. And, as the project was abandoned, they were never added. The result was often more like Verdi than Donizetti, and the Verdi of the eighteen-sixties at that. One began to wonder whether some of it had not been written by Matteo Salvi, who completed the score in 1882, on Verdian models. The best music came in the last two acts, which were well worth hearing, especially as both performance and recording were excellent.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Nielsen the European

By ROBERT SIMPSON

Carl Nielsen will be the 'Week's Composer' at 9.45 a.m. in the Home Service January 5-9, and his Second Symphony ('The Four Temperaments') will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 6.45 p.m. on Wednesday, January 7

TWO or three years ago Carl Nielsen's music was *terra incognita* to most listeners outside Scandinavia, and those who had heard a little of it were inclined to suggest that it might be so peculiarly Danish that only his compatriots could fully accept it. 'Not for export' was the phrase that passed from pen to pen. Now, after the visits of the Danish State Radio Orchestra and the publication of first-rate recordings of five of the six symphonies, as well as the B.B.C.'s broadcasts, the most frequent question one hears is, 'How is it that such a great composer should have had to wait until more than twenty years after his death for recognition abroad?'

At first this might seem a difficult question to answer, for it is true that in Denmark Nielsen was fully recognised in his lifetime, that his influence spread widely among his younger contemporaries in Sweden, Norway, and even Finland. On his sixtieth birthday, Copenhagen glowed with celebrations, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that, after years of hard struggles, at least one prophet had honour in his own country. He himself felt keenly the lack of repeated performances abroad, the more so because his music, when it was played outside Scandinavia, was usually well received. The first performance of the 'Sinfonia espansiva' in Germany in 1913 (Stuttgart), for instance, was hailed as 'a mighty, animating call from the north', and his visit to London in 1923, when he conducted the Fourth Symphony, was successful enough to be more than encouraging. Even when foreign critics were unfavourable, he had no reason to suppose that his music was unacceptable to non-Danish ears, since their criticisms were often similar to those of Danes who did not like his work. The present trend of events is proving him right.

During his life, Nielsen did little to 'push' his own music: nor did he have the luck to find a great international conductor who would travel about with his symphonies. Meanwhile, Sibelius, with the aid of Kajanus, Beecham, and Wood, had caught the English-speaking musical world in his powerful grip, and not many people stopped to think that there might be yet another major master in northern Europe. In 1931, Nielsen died, and the matter was left once and for all in other hands. Blame is sometimes laid on the Danes for their half-hearted propaganda in the years before the war: they might certainly have attacked foreign musical circles more vigor-

ously, but they were not helped by the publishers, who were presumably reluctant to risk losses. The war, of course, with the German occupation of Denmark, silenced such voices as were beginning to be heard in other countries, and when peace came again, the situation seemed to be no better. So tardy were the publishers, in fact, that in 1951, when one of our great orchestras arranged to play the Fifth Symphony, it was possible to obtain from Denmark only a hard-used manuscript set of parts; these were so rough that frantic efforts were needed to prevent downright disaster. Yet the work was composed in 1922! Orchestral material for this masterpiece has at last been printed.

Whatever the reasons for Nielsen's neglect (and they are many and complicated), they will not be found in the music itself. One of the chief qualities that strikes the fresh hearer is its warm directness of address; it is, above all else, music that expresses what Desmond Shawe-Taylor calls a 'life-enhancing personality', strong and invigorating, yet highly sensitive to fine shades of feeling, aware of the nature and meaning of human suffering. This last quality prevents Nielsen from 'heartiness'; he knows how to encourage and sympathise at the same time, how to be blunt without being bluff, how to blend sternness with kindness. For all his sensitiveness, however, he is rarely a subjective artist: the most important thing to know about his work is that it forms part of the main stream of European musical tradition.

Mahler said 'tradition is slovenliness'. But tradition is a different thing from habit, with which he confused it; the great process of European musical history is too majestic and impersonal to be slovenly, and those who try to break away from it violently usually do so because their reactions are too subjective to allow them to find the deep reasons for what appear to them to be commonplace. All the main trends in the history of any art have arisen from the profoundest human needs; these trends have inevitably proceeded unfrilled by iconoclastic individuals. Nielsen reached his maturity at a time when Europe was in confusion, and in the nineteen-twenties, when the sense of futility and despair seemed pervasive, he was quietly discovering rich new fields where most composers had given up the search. Tonality was thought to be exhausted; what Nielsen showed was that any artistic resource is fruitful if the artist can use it, and that the prevalent exhaustion was in

the artists themselves. Sibelius, too, showed this in his own way, as well as other composers; tradition shows its hand by developing and enlivening natural resources.

It is therefore more important to see Nielsen as a European than as a Dane, and though a study of his peasant childhood and his sturdy Danish outlook is an essential part of one's appraisal of him, it is the wider characteristics that count in the long run. The fast-diminishing 'intellectual' school is apt to find him too open-hearted; some people even now are deeply suspicious of a composer who knows how to let himself go. But such a composer's achievements are, whatever else may be said about them, positive, not negative. The fact that Nielsen allowed his work to be nourished by the great European symphonic tradition gives it a strength and spaciousness that can be attained by no other means. His continued and increasingly potent grasp of large-scale tonality enabled him to build great and lasting structures, and it may not be too much to say that by the end of this century he will be seen to have taken one of the decisive steps in musical history.

This step was his utterly fresh treatment of keys. For some three centuries tonality had been felt so strongly as a stabilising element in music that composers could rarely bring themselves to end a work in a key different from that in which it began, and then only tentatively. Carl Nielsen was really the first to show how, by virtue of the very firmness of his grasp of tonality, it is possible to make it serve a new and dynamic purpose—to express a living and evolving process that is at once organic and quite new. He was the first master to create a sense of achievement by evolving a key throughout the length of a great work. That this inspiring sense of achievement may be felt by ordinary people who know and care nothing about sharps or flats, minors or majors, is the true measure of his greatness.

The series of B.B.C. Symphony Concerts is being resumed at the Royal Festival Hall on January 14 at 8.0 p.m. The programme will then consist of Michael Tippett's Concerto for Double String Orchestra, Beethoven's Concerto No. 4 in G, and Mahler's Fourth Symphony. The soloists will be Myra Hess and Elsie Morison, and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra will be conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. There will be five further concerts at the Royal Festival Hall. Tickets can be obtained from the Royal Festival Hall and the usual agents.

For the Housewife

Children's Parties

By LOUISE DAVIES

FAR too many of us spend too long preparing food for parties. Children like brightly decorated, attractive foods, but the foods need not be expensive, and they can be simple. My mother once sat up till two o'clock in the morning, waiting for different layers of coloured jelly to set for a rainbow effect, and we children swallowed those jellies down in a matter of seconds. A much quicker idea, and just as attractive, is to make an ordinary jelly, and straight away put in several different kinds of cut-up fruit—some fresh, some tinned. You will find that some, like orange slices, float to the top, other varieties sink, some stay in the middle. There you have a fruit jelly without any of the usual hanging about for cooling and setting.

A favourite type of sandwich with children is a kind that, luckily, must be made the night before, so that is a real time-saver on party day. You merely make three-tiered sandwiches, so that you get three layers of filling (have three different colours) with buttered bread in between each. Wrap the sandwiches in waxed paper, then in a clean cloth, and put in a cold place overnight—preferably a refrigerator. Before the party, using a sharp knife, cut the sandwiches down into thin strips, each one showing the three different fillings.

Children love sweet things, too—for instance, 'hundreds and thousands' sprinkled on plain bread and butter. Or if you have a little more time to spare, you can spread a filling on to a

slice of fresh bread and roll it up like a swiss roll. Keep it in shape by tying it up in coloured paper, like a Christmas cracker.

Now an idea for dessert. Dice up, really small, the rest of that mixed fruit you used for the jelly. Stir it into slightly cooled custard and pour it into the case formed by the skin of half an orange. Decorate with grated chocolate.

Talking of decorations, instead of piping cakes with mock cream, which is very sickly—and too many sickly things are definitely to be avoided at children's parties—use a plain piping nozzle and pipe with slightly cooled blancmange. The colouring is most effective.

For biscuits use your easiest-to-make, plain biscuit mixture. Here is a method specially popular with boys: cut or pipe the mixture into strips the size of a cigarette. When they are baked, dip one end into melted chocolate, and then into coconut, coloured red—and they have 'lighted' cigarettes.

Make tiny things, too: for instance, make meringues with teaspoons instead of tablespoons. Colour some pale pink, the rest pale blue. Serve them alone, or better still, with ice cream. Ice cream is generally 'a must' at a children's party.

Here is my suggestion for the cake. Make an ordinary square or oblong Victoria sandwich mixture, and pour white glacé icing over it. When it is set, tie it up like a Christmas present with satin ribbon. 'Address' it in silver balls or coloured icing, and, if you like, even put stamps

in the corner. That will probably be just as popular as a gingerbread house, which would take you hours to make.—*Home Service*

Notes on Contributors

DR. KENNETH LITTLE (page 6): Head of the Department of Anthropology, Edinburgh University; has recently returned from an extensive tour of West Africa; author of *The Mende of Sierra Leone and Negroes in Britain*

ROBERT GUILLAIN (page 8): foreign news editor of the French newspaper, *Le Monde*

BRUCE MILLER (page 17): Australian economist and political scientist; Staff Tutor in the Department of Tutorial Classes, Sydney University

DOM COLUMBA CARY-ELWES, O.S.B. (page 17): Prior of Ampleforth Abbey, Yorkshire; author of *The Beginning of Goodness and Love, Liberty and Love*

E. T. WILLIAMS, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O. (page 19): Oxford Secretary to the Rhodes Trustees and Warden of Rhodes House, Oxford; Editor, *Dictionary of National Biography*; Fellow of Balliol; B.G.S. (I) 21st Army Group, 1944-1945

SYDNEY D. BAILEY (page 23): Assistant Director of the Hansard Society and editor of its quarterly journal, *Parliamentary Affairs*; served in China with the Friends Ambulance Unit during the war; author of *Ceylon*

Crossword No. 1,183.

Mixed Veg.

By Ad

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, January 8

The completed puzzle has 34 lights; all are vegetable but not necessarily in the culinary sense. The number of letters in each light is shown. Circular lights are clockwise and clues are given in that order, starting with outside circle; letters indicate commencement of first light in each circle. Radial lights run from the outside towards the

centre but the five spaces must be considered continuous, e.g., if No. 10 were found to be DAISY, it would be entered as in the following diagram:



Each clue consists of a sentence in which the light was previously hidden and then removed, some alteration in punctuation and spacing being allowed but no change is made in the order of letters, e.g., the light CARROT is hidden in 'Don't buy that CARROT ten tyres and engine no good.' The clue as presented with CARROT removed could read: 'Don't buy that ten—tyres and engine no good.'

CIRCULARS

- A i 'No change in the order this time', said the clerk, putting up the new roster (3).
 ii I've noted the way her greed spoils everything (6).
 iii I have a fit home for her if she likes animals, the young farmer said (6).
 iv + RII He ran all the way there and disappeared into one of those doorways (4, 4).
 v The lifeboat crew returned, worn, tired, and yet undaunted (5).
 B i As Monday is usually crowded, why not try some other day—or place? (11).
 ii 'Foot, side, and batten lights! You will want a new switchboard', said the electrician (4).
 iii It was said that he died so young—a mere child (4).
 iv 'Do you recall this town? Remember the narrow winding stairs and the smelly moat?' (5).
 C i 'Wash-up only threepence?' 'Yes, and that included a free shoeshine' (5).
 ii Of one it can then be said—'He favours no one' (4).
 iii A wonderful piece of architecture, a fine provision for future generations (6).
 iv 'Where did I get my extra tea? My son spared it—they've no shortage of food over there' (9).
 D i Try some Scotch broth—a spot at any rate can do you no harm (3).
 ii Foil every attempt to escape—we can do no more (4).
 iii I need more stamina. I fall out much too soon in the long distance events (6).
 iv 'You watch which assistant is absent. Too many goods are missing' (4).
 v 'That needs attention', said the vet. 'It's quite a nasty-looking sore' (7).
 E i 'What do I intend to do with that land? I hope to get the highest price possible' (9).
 ii 'Taste this pea—grown in our garden—sweet isn't it?' (5).
 iii 'Where's the diver expected to eat on this trip?' (6).
 iv 'This looks like a real antique. Was the clock found like the others?' (4).

RADIALS

1. They were well-known to each other but hardly friends, though both were famous authors (5).
2. 'Just watch that chum—very appearance of a penguin with corns' (5).
3. He took a fancy to my green jade. I'd only just bought it or he could have had it (5).
4. It's time someone wrote a book on 'The Bad Nurse'. There's room for it (4).
5. 'We must support this campaign for pure cream', said the dairy manager (4).
6. I've cut out smoking and I row more. I am hoping to get in the team' (3).
7. I expect you will find men leaning over the rail (5).
8. The water led them and the river became their Mecca (4).
9. 'Ooh! look at those lovely ripples', said the small boy, throwing up another stone (3).
10. 'I found her sly—wish I could say otherwise but it's true' (5).
11. See Circular A iv.
12. 'What! Does she mend my shirts and socks each week?' (5).
13. Market in seed is quite a good side-line. Oil is scarce and herbage is useful (5).
14. There were alarms about it and with just cause (5).

Solution of No. 1,181

Z	U	Z	S	T	I	V	E	R	S	H	E	K	E	L
W	R	E	T	H	E	A	C	U	T	E	R	O	L	E
A	N	C	I	E	N	T	U	P	S	E	L	B	O	W
N	E	C	R	O	S	I	S	E	E	L	M	A	I	K
Z	I	H	P	R	U	O	H	E	R	R	I	N	G	R
R	I	S	Y	E	N	A	S	S	A	L	I	N	E	
G	E	N	E	R	A	L	H	O	Y	E	R	O	S	U
E	D	O	M	A	N	O	I	N	T	N	A	M	O	T
R	I	G	I	D	G	L	O	T	E	R	T	O	L	Z
S	N	E	S	S	E	L	S	T	E	R	C	E		
T	A	R	G	E	L	Y	A	R	T	E	L	G	A	R
A	R	A	L	Q	U	A	R	T	E	R	E	N	O	
T	A	H	A	U	N	W	E	D	E	I	S	I	B	
E	D	A	C	I	T	Y	A	L	B	I	T	E	N	O
R	O	S	E	N	O	B	L	E	O	B	A	N	G	L

Prizewinners: 1st prize: H. A. Daniels (Seven-oaks); 2nd prize: I. C. T. Lupton (Taunton); 3rd prize: A. L. Kneen (Heswall)

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